

SOCIETY FOR THE DISCHARGE AND RELIEF OF PERSONS IMPRISONED FOR SMALL DEBTS throughout ENGLAND AND WALES. Established 1772.

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At the Annual Meeting of Governors, held in Craven-street, on Wednesday, the 5th day of April, 1848, the Accounts of Receipts and Expenditure for twelve months, ending the 31st of December, 1847, having been laid upon the table, duly audited, the Secretary reported that the number of debtors discharged and relieved from the under-mentioned prisons, during the same period, was 111, of whom 73 had wives and 174 children, the average expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Charity, was 16s. 3d. 7d. for each debtor discharged and relieved, viz.:

Aylesbury	3	Hereford	1	Radford Peveler ..	1
Bodmin	4	Huntingdon	1	Reading	1
Bristol	3	Isleworth	1	Ruthin	1
Bury St. Edmunds ..	1	Lancaster	1	Southampton ..	3
Cambridge	1	Leeds	1	Stafford	1
Carlisle	1	Liverpool	40	Surry (Horse ..	1
Chelmsford	4	London, viz.:		monger-lane) ..	6
Derby	2	Queen's	6	Warwick	3
Dorchester	1	Whitcross-st. ..	19	Wilton	3
Dover	1	Maidstone	1	Winchester	1
Exeter (3 prisons) ..	2	Monmouth	2	Worcester (2 pri- sons)	7
Exeter (2 prisons) ..	2	Newcastle	9		
Gloucester	1	Norwich (prisons) ..	3	Total from 44 pri- sons	111
Gloucester	1	Nottingham	1		
Haverfordwest	1	Prestige	1		

Resolved—
That the most cordial thanks of the Governors be presented to Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq. M.P., for the continuing and devoted attention bestowed by him upon the concerns of the Society, and for the important aid rendered thereto by his able services in the office of Treasurer thereof.

Resolved—
That the sincerest thanks of the Governors be presented to John Pepps, Esq., and Capel Cure, Esq., for the essential benefit derived from their zealous and efficient services in auditing the accounts of the Society.

Resolved—
That the Governors embrace this occasion to express to Mr. Lunn the high sense which they entertain of his long and able services, and ability with which he has, for upwards of nineteen years, performed the duties of Secretary of the Society.

The cases of fourteen petitioners were afterwards considered, of which twelve were approved and two rejected.

The Secretary also reported—
That, since the Meeting held on the 1st of March, TWO DEBTORS, of whom one had a wife and four children, have been discharged from the prisons of England and Wales, the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was 32s. 7d. 10d., and the following benefactions received since the last report:—

John Pepps, Esq.	A. £5 0 0
John Curtis, Esq.	A. 5 0 0
Frederick Chaffin, Esq., per Lewis Herbert, Esq., A. 5 0 0	
Henry Drummond, Esq., per Messrs. Drummond, A. 5 0 0	
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Benefactions are received by Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., the Treasurer, No. 1, Brick court, Temple; also by the following Bankers:—Messrs. Coles, Curries, Drummonds, Herries, Hoares, Vores; and by the Secretary, No. 7, Craven-street, Strand, where the books may be seen by those who are inclined to support the Charity, and where the Society meet on the first Wednesday in every month.

JOSEPH LUNN, Secretary.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

REVIEWS

Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, &c. By John Bowyer Nichols, F.S.A. Vol. VII. [Percy Correspondence.] Nichols & Son.

THIS is a book that should either have been published half a century ago or reserved till half a century hence. Much of the literary and personal information which it contains has lost its relish, because few are alive who remember the persons to whom it relates; and yet there has not been sufficient lapse of time to give an artificial value and importance to comparatively trifling details. Fifty years hence people would be glad to look back to the transactions of authorship and editorship of the years 1770 or 1780; but, as it is, the work comes exactly in that interval when the curiosity of older readers has gone to sleep and when that of the young has not been awakened. The appearance of the book, externally and internally, is precisely that of publications of about the beginning of the present century—their boards, their paper and their typography; and if the contents had been put forth then, while the memory of such moderate men as Anderson, Gough, Ashby, Lort, Birch, Walker, Campbell, Ledwich, &c. was fresh, it would have attracted more interest than it is at present likely to do. Another point strikes us in the outset, which will essentially contribute to the same effect: much of the volume is derived from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We do not, of course, object to its dedication to the present editor of that miscellany: he is a man of refined taste and varied accomplishments, and well deserving such a tribute. But we do object to the repetition of so many pages of the older numbers of the *Magazine* itself—some portion of it in the largest type used in the volume. If inserted at all, surely such matter might have been greatly compressed; and though we are even now somewhat weary of the constant references in the notes to that respectable and old-fashioned publication, we could have borne the multiplication of these better than we can the tedious reprint in *extenso* of Miss Seward's Letters—to say nothing of various biographies, of considerable length and little value, distributed in different parts of the 856 pages of which the work consists. Moreover, we have some complaint to make of the mode in which these memoirs where they are original are got up. For example, in the case of Grainger, the author of 'The Sugar Cane,' and one of Percy's early friends, we are told by his biographer that his father was obliged to sell his estate in Cumberland "in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations in mining" (p. 225): while Grainger himself, in a letter to a near relation, states, in so many words, that his father had been "ruined by his own extravagance and that of his wives," (p. 272). Not the slightest reason is offered for disputing the testimony of the son.

The hero of the work is certainly a very worthy and creditable one—Bishop Percy; whose 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' will be admired and reprinted as long as taste and feeling remain among us. The letters to him are much more numerous than those which he himself wrote; and this was to be expected, for unless we are mistaken Mr. J. B. Nichols derived by far the larger portion of his materials from the papers of the Bishop himself. He kept most of the letters of his correspondents, but few copies of his own,—which are now scattered in innumerable hands. We have one at this moment before us (lent by a friend),

which seems to have been inclosed to the editor of some magazine. It is dated by Percy from his living of Easton Mauduit, as early as 1761,—the very year in which he commenced his literary career by the publication of his translation of the Chinese novel 'Han Kiou Chouan,' which, according to a letter from Grainger printed by Mr. Nichols, was originally intended to be called 'Shui-ping-Sin.' Percy at this date was struggling more for reputation than for money; and our letter shows that he was willing to aid the editor of the magazine in question upon very easy terms. It is a trifle in itself; but as it is by a distinguished man, has never been printed, and may serve as a guide to some production by the Bishop not hitherto recognized, we subjoin a copy of it. It has no address.

"Easton Mauduit, April 16, 1761.

"Sir,—If you think the inclosed worth printing, it is at your service for the use of your Magazine. I have thrown a few explanatory notes into the margin, which the printer will take care to distribute properly. The piece was never yet printed, though much in request in the place where the scene is laid. I have in my possession many other literary curiosities, which (if I can find time to revise them) I will occasionally give you for your collection. In return for which I will beg the favour of you to let the printer take off two or three supernumerary copies of any such pieces, in a 12mo size, for my own private use; and when you think I shall have earned so much, you may make me a present of 'Warner's System of Morality and Divinity,' &c., stitched in blue covers, or in sheets. If you don't think my proposals too exorbitant to be complied with, you will at your leisure favour me with a line inclosed under cover for the Right Hon. Henry, Earl of Sussex, at Easton Mauduit (near Castle Ashby), Northamptonshire. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"THOMAS PERCY.

"P.S.—I hope you received your 4 vols. of *Du Halde*, 8vo., which you were so obliging as to continue for some time in my hands. I shall be glad to correct the proof of the inclosed piece, whenever it is printed: I can receive it one post and return it by the next."

Even such scraps as this are interesting, when they relate to a man like the Bishop of Dromore; and we wish they were of more frequent occurrence in Mr. Nichols's volume—which, however, we are bound to admit, contains a considerable number. What we mainly object to is, the occupation of so much space by inferior literary correspondents about whose productions or opinions we cannot bring ourselves to care. This was a fault belonging in a degree to the earlier six volumes of these 'Illustrations'; four of which were issued by the father of the present editor, and two by himself subsequently to the death of Mr. John Nichols—more extensively, if not better, known as "Mr. Urban" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It seems that the materials for the volume under review did not come into the possession of Mr. J. B. Nichols until subsequently to the appearance of the preceding six volumes; and we should not have thought it any great misfortune if much of it had never come into his possession at all. We could have spared about 400 of his 800 pages, to the advantage of the rest. At present there is so much dross among the ore that the brightness of the latter is thereby obscured and deteriorated. A judicious selection would have formed an entertaining and instructive volume: as it is, the entertainment and instruction are there, but they require more sifting and winnowing than, we fear, most readers would undertake.

It seems probable that Mr. J. B. Nichols is under some little delusion upon this point. He has been accustomed from his youth upward to look with a sort of reverence on a Magazine

with which his father was so long connected, and to which he owed no small part of his reputation. This state of mind has produced rather a false estimate of matters of comparative insignificance; and he will perhaps be surprised at the opinion which we here express, that so many letters and so many other pages of his volume might have been beneficially omitted. Who now wishes to read the correspondence of such men as Meen, Anderson, Ashby, Lort, Walker, Campbell, Ledwich, and several others, excepting in as far as their effusions relate to men of the time far more celebrated than they themselves were ever destined to become? Supposing it were worth while to print all the letters of Stevens, Grainger, Birch, Gough, &c., at full length, we are sure that it would have been quite sufficient to have extracted from the rest whatever they contained relating to Goldsmith, Johnson, Reynolds, Percy and their gifted contemporaries. Besides, most of the letters of the inferior scribes have nothing else to recommend them. They are written in a poor heavy style, and treat even of interesting men and interesting topics in a way that is very unattractive. Percy is by no means a good letter-writer himself; but Meen, Anderson and Lort are dull in the extreme. The bishop's best correspondent was Stevens, the commentator on Shakspeare; whom Mr. J. B. Nichols very judiciously puts in the fore-front of his volume,—and of whom a portrait is given, which must be out of drawing unless Stevens had no back to his head. That he had abundance of brains no man will dispute; and when he is writing even upon what some people consider dry subjects, such as old books and old poetry, there is a spirit and vivacity flowing from his pen that always renders what he says amusing.

Stevens has been everywhere abused for maintaining that Watson was "a more elegant sonneteer than Shakspeare." He did not say that Watson was a *better* sonneteer, but merely "a more elegant sonneteer,"—and for this nearly every critic has fallen foul of him. Yet nobody, that we recollect, has assailed Dr. Johnson for making a much more extraordinary assertion when he said that "he would hang a dog that could read Milton's *Lycidas* twice." Perhaps this opinion has been allowed to pass without notice merely on account of its sheer folly and effrontery. Though Stevens may not have formed a just estimate of the elegance of Shakspeare's sonnets, it is indisputable that he was in many important respects the best qualified commentator on his plays. He was a scholar, a man generally of correct taste, well acquainted with old English literature, of great acuteness, and possessing no inconsiderable share of wit. His letters, therefore, are always readable let him write on what subject he will; and not a few of his communications to Percy advert to the undertaking of the bishop, late in the last century, to print a collection of blank-verse anterior to that of Milton. Little is known of this enterprise,—because after the work had been finished very nearly the whole impression was consumed by a fire which took place at the printer's. It is said, on good authority, that only four copies escaped; so that whenever one happens to be offered for sale it produces a very high price. The earlier portion of the volume consists of a reprint of what is known as 'Tottell's Miscellany,' originally published in 1557,—consisting of the songs and sonnets of the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt and several uncertain authors. The rest of the work is composed of the early blank-verse specimens, beginning with Lord Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, and ending with Marlow's

version of the first book of Lucan,—and including, we believe (for the volume is so rare that we have never had an opportunity of going through it), Turberville's 'Ovid's Epistles,' Gascoigne's 'Steel Glass,' Aske's 'Elizabetha Triumphans,' and several other minor performances of the same construction. Upon the mode in which Percy collected and employed his materials the letters of Stevens throw a good deal of light; and very glad we are that the Bishop did not follow his advice, by not only using bad transcripts but also adopting the text of persons who had previously and carelessly reprinted the original poems. It is satisfactory to learn on this authority that the Bishop took the greatest pains to procure authentic copies,—and that he not only went over the proofs himself, but availed himself of the eyes of Dr. Meen. Almost the only value of Dr. Meen's letters in the volume before us is that they establish this point.

We may be allowed, by the way, to advert to an important omission in Percy's work,—viz., that he did not include Spenser in his list of blank-verse writers anterior to Milton. The earliest known production of the author of 'The Fairy Queen' is in blank verse; and if he were born in the year usually supposed, he was only sixteen when he wrote it. It consists of sixteen sonnets prefixed to Vandernoodt's 'Theatre for Worldlings,' printed in 1569. These sonnets were translations from the French of Bellay; and it is remarkable that when Spenser afterwards included them in a volume of his own he was so little satisfied with the form in which they had first appeared that he turned them into rhyme. The present state of our knowledge on old poets and poetry would enable us to add considerably to the volume of 'Percy'; but we are under obligations to his taste and industry for what he did,—and cannot avoid thinking that it would not be a bad speculation for any bookseller to reprint the volume as the Bishop left it, adding in a supplement such poems as have since been discovered.

We have already said that the Bishop of Dromore was not a good or spirited writer of letters,—but the contents of his communications are sometimes curious and interesting from the information which they supply. In proof of this position we may quote the following,—which is the larger portion of a letter to Dr. Robert Anderson, the editor of a very notorious and badly printed collection of our poets, in 14 vols. 8vo.—

"Of Phillips's intended publication of the Duchess of Somerset's Letters I know nothing; and certainly should be very unwilling to entrust to him any productions of that most amiable lady, the mother of my late excellent patroness the Duchess of Northumberland. In your 'Life of Shenstone' you have rightly characterized her, as 'a Lady distinguished for her exalted piety, as well as every other accomplishment,' p. 587. What, then, will be your sensations to see attributed to this faultless character the lascivious verses usually ascribed to Lady M. W. Montagu in Dodsley's 'Miscellanies,' beginning—

Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes, &c.

in the late publication of this Lady's Letters by J. Dallaway, see vol. v. p. 193? Lady Mary, in one of her letters to her daughter Lady Bute, has very allowably vindicated herself from the imputation of having written those indecent verses; but, as she does not herself name the authoress, what can be said for this Dallaway thus taking upon him to attribute them to our Lady Hertford? * * * You ask me if I have any corrections to propose for Shenstone's Life. I suppose you mean that part of it wherein I am represented to have been greatly assisted by him in the publication of the 'Reliques,' &c. On this subject you would do well to consult the preface to my new edition, vol. i. p. 17, and particularly the note, wherein I refer to the following passage, in a letter of Shenstone to Mr. Graves, which

he has published in vol. iii. of 'Shenstone's Works':—'I proposed the scheme for him (Mr. Percy). I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and in fixing upon the best readings; but my illness broke off our correspondence the beginning of winter, and I know not what he has done since.' But on this subject I must refer you to Mr. Graves's own letter to me, of which I sent you a copy. Johnson had committed great mistakes with respect to Shenstone, which you have very properly rectified on the authority of Graves. He grossly misrepresented both his circumstances and his house, which was small but elegant, and displayed a great deal of taste in the alteration and accommodation of the apartments, &c. On his sideboard he had a neat marble cistern, which, by turning a cock was fed with living water; and he had many other little elegant contrivances, which displayed his genius, and made me regret that this little Temple of the Muses was pulled down for the larger building of Mr. Horne. This you may, if you please, mention in your new edition. That Johnson should have no conception of the value or merit of what is now called Picturesque Gardening, we cannot wonder, as he was so extremely shortsighted that he never saw a rural landscape in his life; and in his travels through Scotland pronounces that one mountain must be like another. But you have sufficiently corrected his mistake on this subject. Among Shenstone's 'Levities and Songs' are many which he himself sorely regretted to me had ever been committed to the press. But, when Dodsley was printing that volume of his Miscellanies in which they first appeared, Mr. Shenstone lay ill of a fever, and, being unable to make any selection, ordered his whole portfolio to be sent to him, relying on his care to make a proper choice of what were fit to be published; but he obtruded the whole into his volume, and afterwards used that as a plea for inserting them in his Works. But in the value of purchase, how much Mr. Shenstone's estate was improved by his taste will be judged from the price it fetched when sold by auction in 1795, being 17,000*l.* sterling, though when it descended to him it was only valued at 300*l.* a-year. This, I think, will deserve mention."

It is information of this kind that constitutes the chief value of Mr. J. B. Nichols's seventh volume of 'Illustrations'; and we are afraid that full justice will hardly be done to what is good in it because it contains so much that seems worth little. We may be quite mistaken, however, as to the value and interest of some of the matter; and the compiler of the work addresses himself to a class of readers formerly sufficiently abundant, but of the existence of which we now find few traces among us. It cannot be denied that Mr. J. B. Nichols has displayed much industry and knowledge in his editorial capacity; but he seems to be a man rather of the last century than of the present, who has lived much among authors and publishers, and fancies that the world must necessarily take an interest in all that interests himself. We observe here and there a few notes obviously by a different hand; and we think that Mr. J. B. Nichols would have done well to have consulted that writer oftener, and to have asked and abided by his judgment as to what should or should not find a place in the volume.—After all, it is no slight praise in these times to say that about half the work is very agreeable reading. We may be tempted yet to draw further on its pages.

Rose, Blanche and Violet. By G. H. Lewes, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

Notwithstanding its exhausted theme and many defects in the structure of its story, the 'Ranthorpe' of this writer was a clever book. Epigrammatic and suggestive, in spite of a too conscious *nonchalance*, it possessed that atoning vitality without which the mere science of story degenerates into mechanism. In fact, so much of talent was there informing a hackneyed topic and an inartistic treatment that we expressly reserved ourselves for some more

careful and independent exhibition of the writer's power to construct and to develop.

In the work before us Mr. Lewes aspires to the dignity of art in fiction. It is matter of regret that an ambition so laudable has not been adequately carried out,—and that the freedom of the author's mind has been shackled by the needful attention to the frame-work and purpose of his narrative.—The restraint which a distinct moral exercises over the imagination is deplored by Mr. Lewes in his preface. In such a case he rightly observes "there is great danger of so shaping the story to suit a purpose that human nature is falsified by being coerced within the sharply defined limits of some small dogma." We could have wished that the writer had felt this at the commencement of his design rather than "in its progress,"—and that he had from the first relied for his moral lesson on the simple truths of character and passion.

It is the great fault of these volumes that they present a series of intentions unfulfilled and perpetually modified. The work is a specimen of a story in clay: the memoranda of numerous suggestions are visible in the moulding,—but we look in vain for the selected combination to be embodied in the marble. Events and characters seem to have been conceived independently of each other. Restive human nature will not run in the grooves of the plot. To conceal this obstinacy Mr. Lewes has recourse to artifice. Motives and characteristics which required the fullest and most decisive exposition are vaguely and briefly intimated; and from the mystery which prevails as to their nature and degree the reader is left to infer their sufficiency for the results ascribed. In works of imagination, however, it will not do to label human beings with qualities or to substitute their portraiture by hints. Principles and passions must be exhibited, not attributed. It is because Mr. Lewes has disregarded this necessity, that his persons fail to work out his evident conceptions. Cecil Chamberlayne, for instance, is designed to exemplify a man of amiable and generous tendencies ruined for want of moral resolution: but the generosity is throughout assumed and imputed, and the character displays in action only the most craven and contemptible selfishness. Violet, again, who is announced as the type of conscientious will, has no sphere for the expression of that quality. She discards her lover for reasons which either should never have been operative or being so should have exerted a permanent influence. Similar objections apply to Mrs. Meredith Vyner and to Marmaduke Ashley. The incidents in which they figure for want of a defined basis of character and passion appear unnatural and exaggerated, and more than once excite antipathy.

There is another side, however, to the picture. The book is seldom dull; and the sketches which it gives of contemporary life, though frequently overcharged, are generally lively and graphic. Mr. Lewes has a happy vein of *apropos*—and scatters through his volumes a profusion of aphorisms which even when not individually brilliant yet sparkle in their combination. Nor are there wanting instances of earnest and judicious exhortation:—of which the following remarks on intellectual dreaminess may serve as an example.—

"Who has indulged in all the enchantment of the world of reverie, wherein materials are so plastic and triumphs are so easy,—when man seems to be endowed with the god-like privilege of creation, and his thoughts take shape without an effort, passing from the creative mind into the created act, without the hard obstacle of a medium,—who is there, I say, that, having known such intellectual triumph, has not felt humbled and discouraged when, descending from the region of reverie and intention, to that of

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reality and execution, he has become aware of the immensity of labour, of hard resolute labour, to be undergone before he can incarnate his ideas into works? The unwritten poems—the unpainted pictures—the unnoted melodies, are, it is often said, transcendently superior to those poems, pictures, and melodies which artists succeed in producing. Perhaps so; but the world justly takes no account of unaccomplished promises, of unfought victories. What it applauds is the actual victory won in earnest struggle with difficulty; the heroes it crowns are those who have enriched them with trophies, not those who might have done so. But Cecil was content to dream of victory—to 'dally with the faint surmise' of beauty—to plan, to hope, to dream—but not to act. He would stand before his easel, looking at his canvas, or playing listlessly with the colours on his palette, but never boldly using his pencil; and because 'ideas' did not come to him in that irresolute mood, he threw the palette down, lighted a cigar, and declared himself unfit for work that day. He then would seat himself at the piano to try if Euterpe were more propitious. His fingers running over the keys would naturally suggest to him some melody that he liked; it was played, of course, or a fragment of it—then another fragment; then he began to sing—his voice was good, and it pleased him to hear it. In this way another hour or so would pass, and he would then take up his hat and stroll out. Day after day was this miserable farce of 'awaiting inspiration' played with the same success. Enthusiastic artists and critics will assuredly award him their esteem, and proclaim him a genuine artist—a real genius—when they hear that Cecil had a profound contempt for 'mechanical fellows,' who sat down to their work, whether under 'inspiration' or under the mere impulse to finish what they have begun. He was really eloquent in his scorn of the 'drudges.' Genius, in his eyes, was a divine caprice. It came and went in moments of excitement,—a sort of intermittent phrensy. Being a scholar, he entirely approved of Plato's theory to that effect, as developed in the dialogue of *Ion*. The business of an artist was consequently to await those moments, and then to set himself to work, when his soul was stung to ecstasy by overpowering visions of beauty. There is, in the present day, an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a phrenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook, unless they devoted their whole energies to the task. Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? Would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works, had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse? 'Use the pen,' says a thoughtful and subtle author, 'there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about.' This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you can do you will do: inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint; act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings. Because the

failure is absolute it is precise—it stands bodily before you—your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with—you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do so*,—the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so. As long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin. Necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this—they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do."

The bias of these observations is undoubtedly to the wholesome side of the argument. It should at the same time be remembered that the success of intellectual efforts is not to be insured even by their constancy. To identify work with enjoyment is probably the secret of all great achievement; but this power is rather to be attained by those sympathies which dignify and expand the purposes of Art than by any habit of mental straining. The source of patience in labour is the love which we cherish for its results.

In the person of Hester Mason Mr. Lewes has typified a genus of character peculiar to our own age—the "woman with a mission." Hester is the *protégée* of a Sir Chetsom Chetsom; with whom she has contracted a *liaison*, and through whose instrumentality she becomes the centre of a literary circle rather questionable as to its pretensions. The reader may derive some amusement from an introduction to the lady and her associates.—

"The soirée at Hester Mason's, to which they went that evening, was very much the same as the one formerly described; there were fewer guests, and among them more women: a sure sign that she was getting on in the world, and that the reputation of her parties was beginning to cover any suspicious circumstance in her own position. But the women were still of a questionable class: questionable, I mean, not as regards propriety, but *ton*. There were no ladies who gave parties, who were recognised as belonging to 'society'; and, above all, there were no girls there: the virgins were old, ugly, or wise. In a word, the women were almost exclusively literary women; described by Cecil as poor faded creatures, who toiled in the British Museum, over antiquated rubbish which they extracted and incorporated with worse rubbish of their own—women who wrote about the regeneration of their sex—who drivelled in religious tales—compiled inaccurate histories—wrote moral stories for the young, or unreadable verses for the old—translated from French and German (with the assistance of a dictionary, a dashing contempt for English idiom)—learned women, strong-minded women, religious women, historical women, and poetical women; there were types of each class, and by no means attractive types. One remark Cecil made, which every one will confirm. 'How curious it is,' said he, 'to notice the intimate connexion between genius and hair! You see it very often in men, but universally in women, that the distinguishing mark of literary or artistic pretension is not in the costume, but in the mode of arranging the hair. Women dress their hair in a variety of ways: each has a reference to what is becoming; but when women set up for genius or learning, all known fashions are despised, and some outrageous singularity alone contents them. Just look round this room. There is Hester herself: she is young and handsome; but instead of taking advantage of her black curls, she trains them up like a modern Frenchman. If you only saw her head, you would call it a boy's. Then,

again, next to her sits Mrs. James Murch—she reads Greek, and writes verses; you see it by the hair parted on one side, instead of in the centre, and by the single curl plastered on her brow, emulous of a butcher boy. There is Miss Stoking—she writes history and talks about the 'Chronicles'—I see that in the row of flat curls on her forehead, and in the adjustment of her back hair. Miss Fuller must be a philosophical woman, by the way in which all the hair is dragged off her forehead. That bony thing next to her must be a poetess, by the audacity of her crop. In fact, depend upon it, as there is a science of phrenology, there is a science of hair.' These women did not, as may be guessed, give any additional charm to Hester's parties, unless, indeed, in the shape of some fun. Nevertheless, their presence was inexpressibly delightful to her, for it was a sanction; and with all her sneers at the 'conventions' of society, Hester was most anxious to preserve them. Cecil, who liked Hester very much, and was interested even in her opinions which he did not share, was pitiless in his satire upon her female friends; which I will not repeat here, lest the reader should imagine that I share the general dislike to clever women—a conclusion against which I protest, and stoutly. True, I am not so blind an admirer of cleverness as to think it atones for the absence of womanly grace, gentleness, lovingness, and liveliness; but, on the other hand, some of the most charming women—and *womanly* women too—I have ever known, have been distinguished in literature and art. Will that avowal save me?—Hester forgave Cecil for his opinion, the more so as she shared it; and, although she combated his views on social matters as warmly as ever, was falling over head and ears in love with him. 'You will come round to my way of thinking one day,' she said; 'so elevated a mind as yours cannot long remain a slave to traditional sophisms; the Spirit of the Age will claim you.' 'Pray,' said Cecil, smiling, 'can you explain to me what this spirit of the age actually is? I hear a great deal about it, and comprehend nothing that I hear. Is our age so very different from all those that have gone before it?' 'Assuredly: it is the age of progress. 'Progress' but that is the characteristic of all ages; society never stands still.' 'True, but sometimes it retrogrades, and now it advances. My dear Mr. Chamberlayne, you will not deny that the peculiarity of our age is not only progress, but consciousness of progress.' 'That is to say, I suppose, while our forefathers contented themselves with advancing, we prate about our advance. Now, of that kind of consciousness I am as decided an enemy as Carlyle himself; and his eloquent denunciations of it as the disease of our time find full acceptance from me.' 'Ah! my dear sir, Carlyle, with all his genius, does not understand the historic development of humanity.' 'Perhaps not; nor do I: though I have tried. But it still seems to me an evil, not a benefit, that our modern reformers are so very conscious.' 'Stop! You will not deny that every man should have a Purpose?' Cecil, who knew this was one of the magnificent aphorisms of the 'earnest' school, paused for a reply. Seeing him hesitate, Mr. Jukes, a sickly red-haired republican, with a feeble falsetto voice, stammered forth: 'Is it p-p-p-possible, Mr. Ch-ch-Chamberlayne, you can hesitate to p-p-pronounce that e-e-every man should have a p-p-p-purpose?' There was something so marvellously ludicrous in the feebleness of the individual, contrasted with the apparent vigour of his doctrine, that Cecil could with difficulty restrain his laughter, and hastened to say: 'By no means—by no means. I presume every one has a purpose; but, then, the question is—what purpose?' 'If you admit,' said Hester, 'that a man must have a Purpose, it is surely unreasonable to wish him not to be distinctly conscious of it: then, only, can he best fulfil it; otherwise he is a mere machine in the hands of fortune. I say, therefore, that the consciousness of our age is the consciousness of progress; each man of any real eminence has a Mission, and he knows it; that Mission is to get the broad principles of Humanity in its entire Developments fully recognised. That Mission,' she continued, with rising warmth, 'is to sweep from the face of the earth the worn-out sophisms which enslave it; to give Mind its high Prerogatives; to cut from the heart of society the cancer of Con-

the level line of grouping on the mind which we call the Past. The downfall of the Orleans dynasty in France, looking through all the crowd of circumstances which have followed, seems as much a piece of history as the death of Caesar or the destruction of Carthage.—Nor is this altogether an illusion of the senses. The conditions are as much changed mentally as they are materially. The rapid locomotion of ideas is not more wonderful than that of a railway-train: and a man who can travel in about thirty hours from Denmark into Hungary without pause or interruption is prepared to regard an event of thirty days' date as an old chronicle.

Such, at least, would appear to be the opinions of Mr. Kelly and Mr. St. John. In something like a fortnight from the abdication of the "last King of the French" the latter's book of four hundred pages is compiled, complete and sent into the world as the summary of an event which has changed the face of Europe. As a mere piece of manual labour, this is no contemptible work. Of course, under such circumstances, anything like careful literary revision could not be expected: and many slovenly expressions, together with an occasional piece of something yet more objectionable, may be charitably referred to that cause. The work has value as a contribution to the social history of a great transaction. Mr. St. John had been in Paris for some time and intimately acquainted with the Republican party,—saw the Revolution from beginning to end, so far as a single individual could see an action which was being performed at a great many points at once,—and was actually engaged in some of its most exciting and important scenes. These advantages he has turned to profitable account. Though a very decided partizan, he does not seem to have greatly miscoloured. The tone of his work is grave, manly and fervent. He is in earnest; and the vigour with which he describes creates an interest in his page that makes the reader frankly overlook little blemishes of composition.

Mr. Kelly had not the advantage of being an eye-witness of the scenes which he undertakes to paint. He writes his history in London. This plan has, like the other, its own particular advantages. The writer is out of the immediate turmoil of events. He is able to examine and sift with more coolness a larger mass of facts, to see their relative importance with greater clearness, to arrange them in their natural order, to present the general narrative, if with less vividness than the actual observer, in a more historic form. We are far from asserting that Mr. Kelly has done all this,—or even all that he might have done under the circumstances. Of course, the work is compiled, as all histories must be; but, though on the whole the "cutting" betrays a skilful hand, we should have liked it better for a less absolute and arbitrary use of the scissors. Mr. Kelly has no excuse of a commission to write the history of this Revolution,—for he is said to have been one of those who helped to raise the Throne of the Barricades. In 1830, if we are not misinformed, he mounted a musket and shouted the 'Marseillaise':—in 1848 he is a sturdy republican, and disposed to rate the once Lieutenant-General of France in terms that have no measure to their fierceness. Of the value of the opinions pronounced on the fallen monarch the reader will judge for himself, and approve or condemn according to his own political bias. But it is not as a piece of historical philosophy that this narrative has claims to attention. Its interest, for the time, consists in its being as yet the best arranged *résumé* of

the origin, progress and results of this important Revolution—so pregnant with the future of the world.

Both our historians profess to describe the causes of the recent Revolution; which they find in the selfishness of the King, the pride of the minister, the prohibition of the Reform Banquet,—and so forth. This view is such as a diplomatist or a newspaper correspondent might take—but one which historical philosophy will have to amend. Such a way of accounting for the vast results that we have seen is felt at once to be wholly unsatisfactory—and only leaves the matter involved in darker mystery than before. The rationale of the rapid success of the popular movement which, taking the armed initiative in France, has spread over Europe from the states of the Danube to the shores of the Northern Ocean—throwing down decrepit institutions, everywhere enfranchising mind, and preparing for a more serious application of science to the solution of social difficulties—is necessarily but faintly apprehended as yet. To the red-tapist it is still matter of profound astonishment that in France, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and elsewhere, gigantic masses of long organized power have suddenly collapsed—and are vanishing from the popular presence like dissolving views. The secondary order of causes assigned are palpably inadequate to such issues. This series of revolutions composes a great social phenomenon. No particular man—age—country—can be said to have produced them. They are the result of the operation of natural, and probably appreciable, laws. There is a system, a philosophical sequence, a mode of development in the order of events which constitute history, just as in every other natural science. History—when rightly understood and written—is but the process, the evolution of a great social science; and should perhaps be subject to laws as certain as those which regulate the motions of the planets, the geological formation of worlds, or the growth of an individual being. The law of progression—of a perpetual development—is the central principle of the philosophy of history; and to its action, direct or indirect, are to be referred all political phenomena. This principle—which, being ever advancing, is in fact the expression of the degree of power and cultivation to which the aggregate intellect of a country or an epoch has attained—is commonly spoken of by that somewhat loose term "the spirit of the age." Where this element of unceasing growth—tendency towards new developments—is ignored, there must be imperfect governmental science. Being a real, substantive thing, it is too strong to be held in check by mere fictions or conventional organizations—for it invades secretly and renders impotent the very organizations created to oppose it. Whenever the latter come into determined issue with the ripeness of thought, they perish as surely as the accumulation of waters will break down any weight of physical barrier. The progress of the world is carried on through the agency of ideas,—and with ideas mere structural power is incompetent to deal. Ideas can be put down only by ideas—which is equivalent to saying that in the end the true shall triumph: and this we hold to be one of the great spiritual facts of which the poets and prophets of the human race—ever the teachers of the grand doctrine of progress—have always had a perception more or less distinct.

Of a topic so recent and absorbing as the French Revolution of 1848, it is not necessary that we should attempt a consecutive view. We will illustrate for our readers the works before us by merely stringing together a few miscellaneous passages of interest. We quote from

Mr. Kelly an account of some incidents which occurred before the terrible attack on the Palais Royal.—

"Some partial conflicts had previously taken place in various parts of the town, and several striking incidents had occurred. An officer, thinking to be safer in another station, or wishing to assist it, had moved with his detachment of soldiers a few steps from the post he occupied; when a mass of people, whom he had not seen crowding down a side street, interposed between him and the station he had left. As he looked ahead, slackening pace, other troops of people passed shouting in the distance before him. He called a halt, and seemed doubtful and hesitating, looking back at his intercepted post as if he would be glad to return to it. The people set up a shout, and the soldiers looked downhearted, and by no means inclined to act. A *gamin*, having watched the scene, and perceiving instinctively the moment favourable for an audacious step, marched up alone, pistol in hand, to the officer. Presenting it, 'Deliver yourself prisoner,' said he. 'Will you take us through the people to our post, then?' said the officer. 'To be sure,' said the *gamin*; 'never fear.' And the officer, giving up his sword, to the great delight of the audacious lad, signed to the troop to reverse their arms. Then taking the arm of the youth of the people they marched through the crowd, the *gamin* strutting gloriously with the sword till he had seen them all into the post; then mounting guard, he kept possession till a detachment of National Guards passed, and invested the place. In another part, a score of unarmed people, dashing recklessly upon an almost impregnable military post, before the officer had time to say, 'Present—fire,' surrounded him, drew his sword from his hand, pushed in among the soldiers, putting them into confusion, snatched or wheedled their muskets from them, and then led them prisoners through the streets to the Mayorality. A band of insurgents in search of arms visited the residence of the Duke d'Elchingen (Prince de la Moskowa). The Duke was absent, and the Duchess was alone. 'We come for arms,' cried the group. 'Take them,' said her grace, pointing to some swords and fire-arms. 'And that one?' said a citizen, pointing to a sword left suspended on the wall. 'That sword,' she replied, 'belonged to my father-in-law. 'Tis the sword of Marshal Ney. Do not, pray, deprive me of that. The people always respected it.' The men were moved, and taking down the weapon, they all kissed it with emotion, and placing it in the hands of Madame d'Elchingen they bowed and withdrew. One of the most affecting incidents of the day of the 24th was the following:—In the quarter of the Pantheon the people demanded arms with loud cries. A lieutenant of the 12th Legion penetrated, at the head of some National Guards followed by an immense crowd, into the barracks situated in the Rue du Foin, and occupied by the 7th Regiment of the Line; the Colonel of the regiment advanced to persuade the people to withdraw; they attempted to disarm him; and the old soldier, who had gained his position by his sword, shed tears of mortification at seeing himself under the necessity either of submitting to an insult or of giving orders to fire on the people. The Lieutenant of the National Guard, touched with his grief, cried, 'No, you shall not be disarmed if I can prevent it; but, Colonel, give us some muskets and ammunition, they are massacring our brethren, and we desire to help them.' He hesitated a moment, and then ordered that twelve muskets and some packets of cartridges should be given to the crowd. No sooner had he given the order than the old soldier, owing to the great emotion he had suddenly felt, fell to the ground as stricken by apoplexy. He was immediately raised, and after being twice bled, recovered. A young girl was present at the last massacre of the Municipal Guard of the post of the Place de la Concorde, which fired on the 5th Legion. There remained only one of these unfortunate men. 'Mdlle,' cried M. de V——, commandant of the firemen, 'you may save this man!' 'What must I do? I am ready.' 'Throw yourself into his arms and claim him as your father!' The young girl threw herself at the same moment into the arms of the Municipal Guard, and weeping, cried, 'Gentlemen, in the name of God, spare my father, or kill me with him!' At the same moment the muskets of the assailants were lowered,

and the Municipal Guard, protected by his liberatress, was saved."

Mr. Percy St. John was a witness of—and we believe an actor in—the great event of the Revolution—the attack on the Palais Royal and the post of the Chateau d'Eau; and he describes it with vividness and power. Here, as all our readers know, the fire was most tremendous. The Municipal Guards, having sinned against the people beyond their hope of forgiveness, would not yield. At length, the royal carriages, some mattresses, and other articles were piled up against the devoted post, and set on fire. Mr. St. John shall tell the rest.—

"Up rose a hot flame, and a loud cry from the people for the soldiers to surrender, for that resistance was now madness. The garrison replied by a still more murderous discharge, which added to the exasperation of the multitude, who, from behind the blazing carriages, from barricade and window, from the Palais Royal, now captured, poured volley for volley. Here might be seen a boy of twelve, with a musket too heavy for him to carry, kneeling down and firing from a cart; here Peer, peasant, Deputy, National Guard, journeyman and master, English French, Poles, hustled together, all with one object—that of ensuring a popular victory. Among the most daring of the combatants was a young man, respectfully dressed, who, with a musket, advanced continually to the middle of the Place, and endeavoured to lead a charge against the post at the point of the bayonet. Presently, during one of these attempts, he fell, shot through the breast. I and others assisted, in removing him senseless, into the baker's shop, where he was lain down by the side of his other companions in misfortune. On washing his wound, it was found that he had been shot through and through the right breast. He soon came to himself, and the first words he uttered were in English. 'Mr. St. John, I believe?' he said, with a clearness and distinctness which to me seemed a good sign. 'Yes,' I replied, perhaps more astonished than I ever was before during my whole life; 'but how do you know me?' 'I am a printer; I worked for M——, in London, where you often called to correct proofs of your writings.' I now had some slight recollection of his face, and asked him how he came to be concerned in the revolution. He told me that he had turned out with others during the night, and had fought hitherto without hurt, and hoped that he was not very badly wounded. I begged him to be of good cheer, and then went out again amongst the combatants. The scene was tremendous. The carriages had made a vast burning barricade, from behind which hundreds of men poured their volleys on the post, which, though the soldiers must now have been half choked with smoke, replied with even more fury than ever. The Place was obscured by dense clouds of vapour. Where I stood, within four feet of the post, the heat was awful. I could scarcely stand. The air was hot like the blast of a furnace, while a smell of gunpowder filled the nostrils. From the carriages rose up numerous columns of flame, ardent and red, like the blood which ran upon the pavement beneath; while several heaps of straw and wood were burning against the post itself, which had caught fire in two places. In the dim light which prevailed, the day being closed, the smoke of fire and gunpowder, the ten thousand heads of the people might be seen crowding the Place, in blouses, uniforms, coats, armed and unarmed, while swords, bayonets and guns flashed in the lurid glare; the ears were deafened by the tremendous discharges from both sides; from the Valois barricade, from the Rohen barricade, from the Rue de Chartres, from where I stood, from the windows, from the Place, from the Palais Royal, from the Corps de Garde, where still the already burning soldiers kept up a discharge—all were firing! Still the parleyers tried to make the fighting cease:—all in vain! In vain M. de Girardin came down with the proclamation of the King's Abdication; in vain General Lamoricière advanced, sword in hand, and commanded the soldiers to desist; they fired on him and wounded him in the hand. In vain the son of Admiral Baudin rushed among the combatants, crying 'Louis Philippe has abdicated!'—mistaken for the Duc de Nemours, he was only saved by

three National Guards from instant death. The soldiers and municipals held out. Their obstinacy was now increased by the fear of revenge. Not one expected to leave the post alive if they surrendered—a fatal error, for almost to the last, the people said they were of course acting from a mistaken sense of duty, and should be forgiven. A short silence took place. The post was said to be empty, or the soldiers were burnt. During this pause, the people crowded densely on the Place. A column of National Guards, headed by Captain Jouanne, and followed by Leperé, of the 'Réforme,' afterwards killed, scaled a barricade, and with Etienne Arago, rushed to capture the post and save the wretched beings within, with the nineteen prisoners of the people in the *violin*, where cries of despair were clearly heard. The fire had completely wrapped the *corps-de-garde*, the cistern of the fountain had given way and flooded the Place with water, and the awful confusion increased every minute. The capture of the Tuileries, of the Hôtel de Ville, was reported, and everybody believed the revolution was accomplished, when a furious discharge from every part of the post again renewed the bloody struggle. From this moment the scene was dreadful. The garrison finding the *corps-de-garde* too hot to hold them, tried to rush out at the gate, but were shot as they appeared. The blood of the people was up, the last discharge changed their sentiments, and not one was allowed to escape. Every instant the flames increased in violence; floors, roofs, furniture, everything was on fire, and at length an awful stillness prevailed. The firing ceased, for the garrison had perished; victims of their own obstinacy. The rigid disciplinarian who commanded them was killed with a bayonet while attempting to escape. A moment of profound silence followed. Each man held his breath, and asked his neighbour if it could be true, that more than a hundred of their fellow-creatures had perished in the flames, victims of a mistaken sense of duty. A feeling of horror pervaded the crowd, and then the cry arose, 'To the Tuileries!' Away rushed thousands of combatants. I accompanied them. On arriving at the Place du Carrousel, the first thing I saw was the people tearing the royal flag to atoms. The monarchy had ceased to exist, and from the crowd arose in the air, one stupendous shout:—*'Vive la République!'*

We refer to Mr. Kelly for a characteristic anecdote in connexion with this scene.—

"When the Revolutionists had forced their way into the Palais Royal and had reached the apartments of General Athalin, one of Louis Philippe's aides-de-camp, they encountered the General's lady, a woman of dignified deportment and stature, whom the General had espoused for her rare beauty, being but the daughter of a poor fisherman of Granville. 'My friends,' she exclaimed, 'I trust you have not come here to offer any injury to myself or my husband. I am not one of your fine ladies, but a daughter of the people. I throw myself, then, confidently on your protection. But I will not leave my husband; he is confined to his bed by illness.' The band were struck with the boldness of the appeal. They repaired to the General's chamber, placed him in an arm-chair, and, headed by this daughter of the people, they conveyed him to a friend's house in the neighbourhood. On reaching his destination, the General recollected leaving a sum of 130,000 francs (5,200*l.*) in notes and gold in his desk. He handed the key of the desk to a working-man in a blouse, whom he did not know. An hour after the man returned with every sous of the money."

After the capture of the Palais Royal, Mr. St. John moved towards the Tuileries; which palace he entered with the mob,—and very graphically describes. With the scenes at the Chamber of Deputies, the rejection of the Regency, and the formation of a Provisional Government the reader is familiar; but he may not know that in another part of the city another Provisional Government was proposed—not greatly differing, however, from that formed at the Chamber of Deputies. The following passage lets us behind the curtain. Mr. St. John writes:—

"I retraced my steps, passed through the covered

way leading to the Rue de Valois, and proceeding between burning piles, entered the Rue Montecauque. After pausing to admire a splendid barricade at the corner of the Rue de Boulou, I entered the Passage Véro-Dodat, and thence gained the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, one mass of barricades, erected under the guidance of the editors of the *Réforme*. On the door of this office I paused to read. There was written up:

'PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.'

But the list was not the same as that published at the Chamber of Deputies. It was composed of Arago, Flocon, Louis Blanc, Recurt, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Albert, and Marrast. While I was reading, a friend tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round. It was a joyous Republican, who dragged me up the dark stairs of the house, and into the office of the *Réforme*. At a table sat six persons writing. They were surrounded by armed men, who cried aloud for copies of the list. The six men were writing, as fast as they could, the list, and handing it to anxious friends, who took copies, and hurried away to proclaim the names on the barricades. I asked for a copy. 'One for the Place Vendôme!' cried one.—'One for the Hôtel de Ville!' cried another.—'Leave out that Marrast!' said a third, a short thick-set man, with a musket in his hand, 'I know him. *Il a perdu la Tribune*.' The men continued copying in the most imperturbable manner. 'A Deputation from the Section of —,' said the doorkeeper, and one of the six men rose to greet it. 'Have you no printed copies?' exclaimed many. 'They are all exhausted,' said another; 'they were printed in the night. We did not expect such a demand.'—'Will the *Réforme* appear to-morrow?' 'I know not. I believe the writers will be too much engaged.'—'I believe them; for from the lead of a journal with scarce enough *abonnés* to keep it alive, they have, by a bold stroke, attained to the lead of a nation. Ferdinand Flocon is one of the Provisional Government. I demanded a copy of the proclamation. It was given me; and then I left that small dark room, filled with bustle and excitement, where, surrounded by the victorious combatants of the day, six unknown men were sending forth to the millions of France the names of their rulers for the nonce."

It is but a trite thing to say that there is no one of the great actions of life which has not its comic aspect:—and there is at once the comic element and something far more profound in the unconscious *status in quo* which Mr. St. John found on presenting himself at his lodgings after the world without had been revolutionized—a fragment of the suddenly submerged past left as yet floating on the deluge.—

"Meanwhile, throughout Paris the news spread like lightning that the Republic was proclaimed. In all quarters save one nothing but rejoicing was felt. I returned to my residence situated in the very centre of the 1st arrondissement and among the *Orléanais*. As it had been all day, I found the *porte cochère* shut, and within, in the court-yard, assembled, all the male and female inhabitants of a house which contained some thirty families, as is the case everywhere in Paris. 'Eh bien?' they cried; for scarce one had stirred out all day, while they stared at my turn clothes, face covered with blood and gunpowder, and other signs of the hot quarters I had been in. 'Vive la République!' cried I with a laugh.—'Comment!' cried they in chorus.—'Yes, Louis Philippe has fled, and here is the government of France.' They begged me to read it out. I read, and I here repeat the list as I had it from the 'Réforme.' 'Albert, an operative.' 'Mon dieu! it is awful!' cried a Countess.—'Arago.' 'An astronomer,' said another.—'Dupont de l'Eure.' 'An old fool.'—'Lamartine.' 'A poet, a panegyrist of Robespierre!'—'Louis Blanc.' 'A communist.'—'Ferdinand Flocon.' 'A Jacobin.'—'Marie.' 'A deputy.'—'Marrast.' 'The National.'—'Ledru-Rollin.' 'Un écrivain.'—'But who is to be king?' asked the husband of the Countess.—'No one!' I replied almost indignantly, 'the Republic is proclaimed.'—'La République!' said a lugubrious chorus of counts, marquises, servants, *courtisanes* and English. 'Oh, Madame!' said one addressing the landlady, 'we shall all be assassinated.'—'Madame!' cried another, '*nous sommes en pleine répub-*

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signe. Hide your silver spoons. *Nous serons piliés!* And away the terrified group scattered to conceal money, jewels, valuables, and, in many instances, themselves. My landlady, despite all I could say, believed the assertion of the old count who spoke of hiding her spoons, and actually sent up into every apartment to get back the plate with which she furnished her lodgers. Such was the general state of feeling I am assured in all the fashionable and rich quarters of Paris. The English were terrified beyond measure. I can say this in many instances from personal knowledge; but the rush for passports will prove the assertion to be correct."

We can recommend both these little books to the reader's attention. In its different way each will be found to illustrate the other; and for the passing time each is useful and entertaining reading.

An Englishwoman in America. By Sarah Mytton Maury, Authoress of 'The Statesmen of America in 1846.' Richardson.

THIS ingenious lady appears resolved to make her voyage to America "pay"—as they say on "Change." Not only does she openly profess her determination of establishing her eight sons and three daughters in the Land of Promise,—therefore, not unnaturally, continue her outpourings of "wonder, love, and praise" upon every transatlantic man, woman, and child (the slaveholders being first in her good graces), that the name of Maury may be as a "pot of frankincense" in the nostrils of Brother Jonathan,—but she is resolved to lay "the old country" under tribute, too. We are to expect, it would seem, an Englishwoman's Library on America from Mrs. Maury;—since the present volume hardly clears New York, and its last passages promise us the Lady's experiences of all the other glories of "The States," to be vouchsafed on some future day. If we were not somewhat satiated with tinsel and twaddling on paper, we should await the opening of the exhibition as a thing promising unprecedented diversion. As matters stand, however, we feel sorry to see the proclivity towards tight rope and slack wire so very strong in a matron still resident "within our borders." May America profit thereby!—since it must be for America rather than for England that the following comparative portraiture of royal personages is afforded by one whose opportunity of comparing must have been great.—

"I have seen three anointed Kings and three inaugurated Presidents. I admire the Presidents the most. I have seen three Queens, and three Ladies who have shared in the honours of the Presidency; and truly among the Queens not one could compare with the regal grace of Mrs. Madison, the feminine distinguished *personnel* of Mrs. Polk, and the intelligent and lady-like demeanour of Mrs. Adams: the first of these ladies has been, nay, she still is, at the age of eighty-six, eminently beautiful, with a complexion as fresh and fair, and a skin as smooth as that of an English girl. Mrs. Polk, were it not for the same defect in the teeth (though in a less degree) which characterizes the mouth of Queen Victoria, would be a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion give her a touch of the Spanish Dama. These American Ladies are highly cultivated, and perfectly accomplished and practised in the most delicate and refined usages of distinguished society. It is not possible to observe the affectionate and deferential manner of Mrs. Polk towards the august Lady who is now the 'Mother of the Republic,' without feeling for each the warmest admiration. Indeed the name and presence of Mrs. Madison are revered throughout the Union, and universal respect is paid to her. I was in the House of Representatives, when attended by her niece she came in to hear the maiden speech of Mr. Hilliard of Alabama. By an Act of Congress Mrs. Madison is entitled to a seat on the floor of the House, and she was immediately presented with a

chair directly below the Speaker. Many Members approached and with visible emotion paid their respects to the widow of their departed President. The recollections of Mrs. Madison are remarkably fresh, her spirits are cheerful and her affections are young and full of cordiality. Dressed in a black velvet gown, and a turban of the whitest muslin, Mrs. Madison reminded me of the English Siddons, of whom in childhood I have had a glimpse. I was told that her perception of persons and names during her reign in the White House was extraordinary, as well as the singular and happy facility with which she adapted her conversation to her hearers. From her friend, Mrs. Decatur, I have learned many instances of her sweetness of character, her total forgetfulness of self, and of the strong good sense which has ever regulated her conduct through life. To her may truly be applied the words of Milton:—

So absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

The Indian Chiefs who came to Washington to make treaties, &c. were great admirers of Mrs. Madison. During the Presidency of Mr. Madison, Washington was in its infancy, and the conveniences of life were difficult of access. The store-room and the medicine chest of the White House were ever at the service of the indigent or suffering neighbours of this most excellent Lady. Mrs. Polk is very well read and has much talent for conversation; she is highly popular, her reception of all parties is that of a kind hostess and accomplished gentlewoman. She has excellent taste in dress, and both in the morning and the evening preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the Lady. She is ready at reply, and preserves her position admirably. At a Levee a gentleman remarked, 'Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night.' 'Sir,' replied Mrs. Polk with perfect good humour but very significantly, 'I never have seen it otherwise.' One morning I found her reading. 'I have many books presented to me by the writers,' said she, 'and I try to read them all; at present that is not possible, but this evening the author of this book dines with the President, and I could not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift.' I wore a brooch in which was contained the hair of my husband and children very tastefully displayed. Mrs. Polk carried it to the window, read the names of the 'eleven,' compared their hair, and asked many questions about them. *Saving Her Gracious Majesty*, (!) I could have put my arms round her neck and kissed her. The fireside of the venerable Ex-President Adams is rendered peculiarly attractive by the courteous manners and intelligence of his Lady. She has seen much of life and of society, and she has added to her own acquirements many of the elegant tastes of her distinguished partner. Mrs. Adams was a celebrated beauty. She was an invalid when I saw her, but retained her cheerfulness; she spoke of England, which she well knew, with lively affection, and entered into my intended plans and projected journey with all the friendly interest and zeal for my gratification that I could have received from a friend of many years. Mrs. Adams was the daughter of Colonel Johnson, Consul-General of the United States in London. I am not quite certain of the fact, but I hope that I am right in claiming her for an Englishwoman; at all events I hope she will forgive me for saying so much."

By way of introduction to this book, we are favoured with reprints of "The Declaration of Independence" and of Washington's "Farewell Address." The Appendix contains newer matter, and exhibits Mrs. Maury in a more attractive light, than any other portion of the record. Having on the out-passage witnessed the ravages of the small-pox in an emigrant vessel, and the frightful degree to which these were exasperated owing to the want of befitting medical attendance,—the Englishwoman, with an activity honourable to her head and heart, began on touching *terra firma* to agitate for some remedial enactment:—and the result is the history of "The Emigrant Surgeons Bill," which fills the last two hundred pages of her volume.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second. By John Lord Hervey.

[Second Notice.]

JOHN Lord Hervey, the author of the *Memoirs of the first ten years of the reign of King George II.*, from which we extracted so largely in our last week's paper, was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of John, the first Earl of Bristol, of the Hervey family. He was born in 1696,—educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge,—and became Lord Hervey on the death, at an early age, of Carr Lord Hervey, an elder son by a former marriage. This Carr Lord Hervey is commended by Pope,—and was reckoned, as Walpole tells us, to have had parts superior to those of his more celebrated brother. But Pope's praise was only an artful trick to blacken the character of the younger brother; and Horace Walpole, there is reason to believe, was not the son of his reputed father, Sir Robert, but actually the son of Carr Lord Hervey. This belief is strongly supported by the Introductory Anecdotes of Lady Louisa Stuart (the granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu),—further corroborated by Sir Robert Walpole's almost incredible laxity in both the principle and practice of conjugal fidelity,—and countenanced by the strong resemblance which Horace bore not to Sir Robert, but to the family which suggested Lady Mary's famous division of the human race into "Men, Women and Herveys." Walpole was fond of the Hervey family. He speaks in all places of the future historian of his own times as a man of great attainments, and dedicated in after-life his great work 'Anecdotes of the Arts in England' to Molly Lepel, the widow of Lord Hervey. This Molly Lepel was in her twentieth year, and a Maid of Honour to the Princess, when she was married, somewhat privately there is reason to think, to "the handsome Hervey" of the well-known ballad which records their wedding. Mr. Croker is somewhat unnecessarily puzzled about her age. "The books state that she was born," Mr. Croker observes, "26th September, 1700; but Pope, in a letter that mentions the recent death of Dr. Radcliffe, who died 6th November, 1714, describes her and her friend Miss Bellenden as then maids of honour to the Princess. If all this be so, Miss Lepell was a maid of honour when she was fourteen." This, however, is not so very astonishing, if we remember what the old Duchess of Marlborough relates to Lord Stair, that "the beautiful Molly Lepel" was actually a cornet in her father's regiment as soon as she was born, and paid as an officer in the army long after she was a maid of honour. As the letter has been overlooked by Mr. Croker, we shall quote that part which relates the history of the lady's rise.—

"I saw one yesterday that dined with my Lord Fanny; who, as soon as he had dined, was sent for to come up to His Majesty, and there is all the appearance that can be of great favour to his lordship. I mentioned him in my last, and I will now give you an account of some things concerning his character, that I believe you don't know. What I am going to say I am sure is as true as if I had been a transactor in it myself. And I will begin the relation with Mr. Lepelle, my Lord Fanny's wife's father, having made her a cornet in his regiment as soon as she was born, which is no more wrong to the design of an army than if she had been a son: and she was paid many years after she was a maid of honour. She was extreme forward and pert; and my Lord Sunderland got her a pension of the late King, it being too ridiculous to continue her any longer an officer in the army. And, into the bargain, she was to be a spy; but what she could tell to deserve a pension, I cannot comprehend. However, King George the First used to talk to her very much; and this encouraged my Lord Fanny and her to undertake a very extraordinary project: and she went to the drawing-

room every night, and publicly attacked His Majesty in a most vehement manner, insomuch that it was the diversion of all the town; which alarmed the Duchess of Kendal, and the ministry that governed her, to that degree, lest the King should be put in the opposers' hands, that they determined to buy my Lady H. off; and they gave her 4,000*l.* to desist, which she did, and my Lord Fanny bought a good house with it, and furnished it very well."

Old Sarah, it is true, delighted in scandal; but here there is every reason to believe that she is telling an unvarnished tale.

Lord Hervey was early acquainted with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu;—some of whose letters from the East are addressed to his mother, the Countess of Bristol. Their acquaintance ripened into intimacy; and there is no doubt that many of the court lampoons of which we hear so much were the joint composition of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. The best and most memorable of their joint efforts in this way, whether we consider the wit and vigour of the satire or the reputation of the person attacked, is the copy of 'Verses addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace.' Pope attributed the libel to Lady Mary; but there are good grounds for supposing, though Lady Mary gave it a place in after life among her acknowledged works, that Lord Hervey had a main finger in its composition. The original edition in the library at Ickworth (the seat of the Herveys) makes no mention of "a Lady" in the title-page; but has, Mr. Croker tells us, a manuscript preface and several manuscript corrections and additions, with a new manuscript title-page prepared "by the author" for a second edition,—all of which are in Lord Hervey's own hand. This is curious; and, indeed, the poem which they reply to has so much acerbity and something worse in it, both about Lord Hervey and Lady Mary (Lord Fanny and Sappho), that it is quite a wonder how the poet escaped from a good sound cudgelling. Few points in Pope's life are more obscure than the occasion of his quarrel with Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. Lord Hervey declares, in the papers to which Mr. Croker has had access, that Pope commenced the quarrel.—

So much for Pope—nor this I would have said
Had not the spider first his venom shed;
For the first alone I ne'er unjustly cast;
But who can blame the hand that throws the last?
And if one common foe the wretch has made
Of all mankind—his folly on his head!

This was an intended addition to his printed attack on Pope—the famous letter from Hampton Court which occasioned first the well-known reply in prose, and afterwards in verse the finely-drawn character of Sporus in the Prologue to the Satires. Lady Mary remarked, in conversation with Spence, that the breach between them had originated in a supposed refusal on Pope's part to write a satire on certain persons at the particular suggestion of Lord Hervey and herself; while Pope observes, in a letter to Fortescue (his counsel learned in the law), that his "only fault towards her was leaving off her conversation when he found it dangerous"—and in his printed letter to Lord Hervey, that he had not the least misunderstanding with Lady Mary "till after he was the author of his own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance." But the subject is of so interesting, and at the same time so much misunderstood and so excur-sive, a nature that we must quit it for the present, and return to the volume before us for further extracts.

That Pope's expression "a mere white curd of asses' milk" was a clever personality applied to Lord Hervey appears from Lord Hailes's statement; and it is justified in the volumes before us by Lord Hervey's description of himself. He writes from St. James's, December 9,

1732, to his physician, Dr. Cheyne, the celebrated advocate for vegetable diet:—

"To let you know that I continue one of your most pious votaries, and to tell you the method I am in. In the first place, I never take wine nor malt drink, or any liquid but water and milk-tea; in the next, I eat no meat but the whitest, youngest, and tenderest, nine times in ten nothing but chicken, and never more than the quantity of a small one at a meal. I seldom eat any supper, but if any, nothing absolutely but bread and water; two days in the week I eat no flesh; my breakfast is dry biscuit not sweet, and green tea; I have left off butter as bilious; I eat no salt, nor any sauce but bread sauce. I take a Scotch pill once a week, and thirty grains of Indian root when my stomach is loaded, my head giddy, and my appetite gone. I have not bragged of the persecutions I suffer in this cause; but the attacks made upon me by ignorance, impertinence, and gluttony are innumerable and incredible."

Such was his state in 1732:—and when he made his will eleven years later and seven weeks before his death, (a curious document which Mr. Croker should see for a second edition,) he observes, "I was not strong enough to write the above written will, but I have read it twice over and corrected it in several places in the spelling, and do publish it as my will." Poor Lord Hervey!—Surely Pope was not the only person who might justly complain of "the libelled person and the pictured shape."

The character of Frederick Prince of Wales is one of the best-drawn characters in the two volumes.—

"The contradictions he was made up of were these:—He was at once both *false* and *sincere*; he was false by principle, and sincere from weakness, trying always to disguise the truths he ought not to have concealed, and from his levity discovering those he ought never to have suffered to escape him; so that he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was for ever telling the most improper and dishonest truths when anybody else had confided in him. He was at once both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place, and without the least ray of either of the virtues often concomitant with these vices; for he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. He was equally addicted to the weakness of making many friends and many enemies, for there was nobody too low or too bad for him to court, nor nobody too great or too good for him to betray. He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him. When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people and consequently those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next corner of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him: what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?"

This was the father of George III. That the Prince could use a woman ill is known to the readers of Johnson from his well-known line—

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring.

The lady had, however, spirit enough to resent her injuries, and prudence enough to allow Lord Hervey to record her wrongs in a letter to the Prince.—

"Considering the manner in which I have lived with your Royal Highness, I think I might, without

being thought very impertinent, begin this letter with complaining that, when you have anything to say to me, your Royal Highness should think an ambassador necessary to go between us; and though a harsh or unkind thing, I must own, would always be little consistent with what I think I have deserved from your Royal Highness, yet it would sure want no much additional weight as the letting another convey it, and consequently be acquainted with the little regard or concern you retain for me. That your Royal Highness is going to be married I may reprove at; but I appeal to you if ever I was so unreasonable as to reproach you with it, or to imagine that my interest was to be put in competition with the interest of England, or that what was right for your affairs was not to outweigh every consideration of mine. But that your Royal Highness should break with me in the most shocking way; that you should not be content to abandon me without banishing me, nor take yourself from me without driving me from every other friend, relation and acquaintance, and depriving me of those comforts at a time when I shall want them most, is sure an aggravation to my bad fortune and unhappy situation which you are as much in the wrong to ask me as I should be myself to comply with. Your Royal Highness need not be put in mind who I am, nor from whence you took me: that I acted not like what I was born, others may reproach me; but if you took me from happiness and brought me to misery, that I might reproach you: that I have long lost your heart I have long seen and long mourned: to gain it, or rather to reward the gift you made me of it, I sacrificed my time, my youth, my character, the world, my family, and everything that a woman can sacrifice to a man she loves; how little I considered my interest, you must know by my never naming my interest to you when I made this sacrifice, and by my trusting to your honour when I showed so little regard, when put in balance with my love, to my own. I have resigned everything for your sake but my life; and, had you loved me still, I would have risked even that too to please you; but as it is, I cannot think in my state of health of going out of England, far from all friends and all physicians I can trust, and of whom I stand in so much need. My child is the only consolation I have left. I cannot leave him, nor shall anything but death ever make me quit the country he is in. Your Royal Highness may do with me what you please; but a Prince who is one day to rule this country will sure, for his own sake, never show he will make use of power to distress undeservedly; and that one who has put herself without conditions into his hands has the hardest terms imposed upon her, though she never in her life did one action that deserved anything but your favour, your compassion, and your friendship; and it is for these reasons I doubt not but your Royal Highness will on this occasion, for your own sake if not for mine, do everything that will hinder you from being blamed and me from being more miserable than the reflection of what is past must necessarily make one who has known what it was to be happy, and can never expect to taste that."

I know how vain it would be to think reproaches could ever regain a heart which kindness could not keep; and for that reason I will add nothing more than to assure your Royal Highness I shall ever wish you health, prosperity, and happiness, and shall ever be, with unalterable affection, &c."

Walpole's influence and management will be better understood from the following short passage in Lord Hervey than from fifty pages in Coxe's Life of Sir Robert.—

"All this summer (1734) the Queen used to see Sir Robert Walpole every Monday evening regularly, and at other times casually; but at every conference she had with him (as he told me), though she always said he had convinced her, and that she would give in to the accommodation, yet day after day, for three weeks together, she made him put off the setting on foot those measures which ought to have been taken in consequence of that conviction. And what is very surprising, yet what I know to be true, the arguments of Sir Robert Walpole, conveyed through the Queen to the King, so wrought upon him, that they quite changed the colour of His Majesty's sentiments, though they did not tinge the channels

* Word illegible.

through which they flowed. When Lord Hervey told Sir Robert he had made this observation, Sir Robert said it was true, and agreed with him how extraordinary it was that she should be either able or willing to repeat what he said with energy and force sufficient to convince another without being convinced herself. However, said Sir Robert Walpole, "I shall carry my point at last; but you, my Lord, are enough acquainted with this Court to know that nothing can be done in it but by degrees; should I tell either the King or the Queen what I propose to bring them to six months hence I could never succeed. Step by step I can carry them perhaps the road I wish; but if I ever show them at a distance to what ends that road leads, they stop short, and all my designs are always defeated."

The King's fondness for his consort is curiously illustrated by a last request, the truth of which Mr. Milman attests in a brief communication to Mr. Croker.—

"George II., as the last proof of his attachment, gave directions that his remains and those of Queen Caroline should be mingled together. Accordingly, the two coffins were placed in a large stone sarcophagus, and one side of each of the wooden coffins withdrawn. This was a tradition at Westminster Abbey, of which I myself have seen the confirmation, in my opinion conclusive; and as the royal vault in Westminster Abbey may never be again opened, it may be curious to preserve the record. On the occasion of the removal, in 1837, of a still-born child of the Duke of Cumberland (*King of Hanover*) to Windsor, a Secretary-of-State's warrant (which is necessary) arrived, empowering the Dean and Chapter to open the vault. I was requested by the Dean to superintend the business, which took place by night. In the middle of the vault, towards the further end, stands the large stone sarcophagus, and against the wall are still standing the two sides of the coffins which were withdrawn. I saw and examined them closely, and have no doubt of the fact. The vault contains only the family of George II."

In these days when the rights of the people and the power of the Crown are matter of so much discussion, and new forms of government are attempted in established monarchies, it is amusing to read what a masculine-minded woman (which Queen Caroline certainly was) had to say upon such grave matters of inquiry.

"I have heard her at different times speak with great indignation against assertors of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despatch, the humble servant of the Parliament—the pensioner of his people—a puppet of sovereignty, that was forced to go to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court those who were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. And once added, that a good deal of that liberty that made them so insolent, if she could do it, should be much abridged; nor was it possible for the best prince in the world to be very solicitous to procure benefits for subjects that never cared to trust him. At other times she was more upon her guard: I have heard her say she wondered how the English could imagine that any sensible prince would take away their liberty if he could. 'Mon Dieu!' she cried, 'what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government! It is an excellent free government that makes all its inhabitants industrious, as they know that what they get nobody can take from them; it is its free government, too, that makes foreigners send their money hither, because they know it is secure, and that the prince cannot touch it: and since it is its freedom to which this kingdom owes everything that makes it great, what prince, who had his senses, and knew that his own greatness depended on the greatness of the country over which he reigned, would wish to take away what made both him and them considerable? I had as lief,' added she, 'be Elector of Hanover as King of England, if the government was the same. *Qui diable* that had anything else, would take you all, or think you worth having, if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing in that case for Bridgeman and Kent to cut out into gardens; but, for the figure it would make in Europe, it would be of no more consequence here in the West than Madagascar is in the

East: and for this reason—as impudent and as insolent as you all are with your troublesome liberty—your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinences than cure them—a way that would lessen their influence in Europe full as much as it would increase their power at home."

The following verses, which gave, as Lord Hervey tells us, great offence to the King, will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels, satires and lampoons of those days were composed:—

You may trust, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
You know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

Of the liberty of unlicensed printing take the following examples recorded by the courtly pen of the noble historian:—

"An old lean, lame, blind horse was turned into the streets, with a broken saddle on his back and a pillion behind it, and on the horse's forehead this inscription was fixed:—

"Let nobody stop me—I am the King's Hanover Equipage, going to fetch his Majesty and his * to England."

"At the Royal Exchange, a paper with these words was stuck up:—

"It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring."

"On St. James's gate this advertisement was pasted:—

"Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N.B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown."

Laud in his Troubles records several pasquinades of this kind pasted on posts and gates by those jeering wits the London apprentices; and all readers of English history will remember the famous "three things to be seen" which were stuck on the gates of Lord Clarendon's house in Piccadilly. A collection of English political pasquinades and of the best of our political songs would make a curious and instructive work.—Here, however, we must part (for the present) from two most readable volumes; which even Sir Robert Walpole—who is said to have called all history a lie—would perhaps have admitted to be nearer the truth than many works making greater pretensions to historical accuracy. We may not improbably, however, return to them again, for a further gleaning.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

MUTILATED EDITIONS OF BOOKS.—Under this heading, in the last number of the *ATHENÆUM*, April 28th, a most unwarrantable attack has been made on our House by Mr. Henry Weir, an under-graduate of the University of Cambridge, which the circumstances of the case do not justify. It is generally known that another Firm and our own are the largest purchasers of remainders in the Trade; and in this department of our business, quite distinct from that of publishers, both Firms may be designated as book-traders. To the uninitiated it may be needful to explain what is meant by remainders. This is a term which applies to the remaining copies of a book which any publisher may have found to be less saleable than he had anticipated, or which may be left on his hands after the first brisk demand for it is over. The entire stock is then sold off, usually below cost price, the original publisher having had his chance—benefit from the previously large circulation. After such sale, the regular practice is for the purchaser to have his own address printed in the title-page, and to insert the work at a very low price in his Catalogue. Having been much engaged in the export trade, we find such works, on account of their cheapness, have an amazing sale in the Colonies. The edition of Tom Jones, on which Mr. Weir animadverts with apparently righteous indignation, was last year purchased by us, as a remainder, from a firm that had issued it in sixpenny parts, in which cheap form it had obtained extensive patronage among the poorer classes of society. If the animadvertiser had cast a passing glance on the book, he would have found the following imprint at the back of every eighth or sixteenth page, a common practice in all cheap publications when they are issued in sheets or half sheets:—*London: Printed by Catchpole and Prentice, 21, St. John's-square, West Smithfield; the former half sheets being published by W. Sturges, 21, Peterborough-row, and the latter by E. and W. Wynn, Nos. 13 and 34, Holwell-street, Strand.* These are the gentlemen who are amenable to Mr. Weir's strictures. His censure cannot fasten on us, who, in the multitude of remainders which we buy, cannot be expected to examine so critically as he has done into their merits or their defects: as book-traders, we purchase them from an estimate of the character which they have previously borne in the market. In the other department of our business, however, as publishers, Mr. Weir will find, in all works printed for ourselves, and not bought from others, that the greatest care and attention have been bestowed on their preparation and execution. In perfect good humour we invite his attention to the following Works, new editions of which we have recently published:—*"Pearson on the Creed," Locke on the Human Understanding," "Patrick, Lenth and Whitty on the Holy Scriptures," "Watson's History of English Poetry," "Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley," "John Howe's Works," "Anthony Farinon's Sermons," "Wheatley on the Construction of the Human Mind," "The Prophecy of Sir Egerton Brydges," "Cowper's Poetical Works," by Grimshave," "Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures,"* *omnino multo alio.*

Patience Lane, April 12th, 1848.

WILLIAM TEGG & CO.

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STRUVE'S STUDIES OF STELLAR ASTRONOMY.

We mentioned some time since [No. 1050] the fact that Mr. Airy had given an account of this important work to the Astronomical Society, and have always intended to do the same for our scientific readers. We postponed it, however, under the expectation that the Astronomical Society would publish in its annual Report an abstract of the Astronomer-Royal's description; and this being now the case, the great interest of the matter will justify our extracting the whole of that abstract.

A remarkable work on the Distribution of the Stars has been published by M. Struve, under the title of 'Études d'Astronomie Stellaire.' The treatise bearing this name contains an epitome of the whole of the author's views upon this subject; but the details of some of the investigations are to be found in his Introduction to Weisse's Catalogue. The first part of the work contains a condensed statement of the opinions of writers preceding W. Herschel (Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, Wright, Kant, Lambert, Michell), bringing to the knowledge of modern astronomers a quantity of very curious literature, with which in general they are little familiar. The memoirs of Herschel are next reviewed; and the change in the views of Herschel, between the publication of the first and the last of his essays on the construction of the sidereal system, is strongly insisted on. M. Struve then proceeds to explain his own investigations; and, first, in regard to those founded upon the number of stars in Weisse's catalogue (or in Bessel's zone, of which that catalogue is the representative in the present case), applies to a zone of the heavens extending from 15° south declination to 15° north declination, and crossing the Milky Way at an angle of about 60°. The number of stars in this catalogue, under the divisions of 1 to 6 magnitude, 7 magnitude, 8 magnitude, and 9 magnitude, have been ascertained for every hour of right ascension. But it is not possible that observations taken in the manner of those of Bessel's zone can include every star which is visible in the telescope; and attempts are made to correct these numbers in the following manner:—First, as far as Piazzi's catalogue extends (or to the 8th magnitude); the scales of magnitude having been reconciled, and the number of stars in Piazzi separated under the divisions defined by magnitude (as above mentioned) having been ascertained, and the number of these same stars included in Weisse's catalogue having been ascertained, it is assumed that the proportion of Piazzi's stars included by Weisse (for each step of magnitude and for each hour of right ascension) may fairly be taken as the proportion of all the stars in the heavens (for the same

steps of magnitude and the same hours of right ascension) included by Weisse. This proportion is called the *placidité* of the catalogue; it varies with the magnitude (being smaller for the smaller stars) and with the right ascension (being smaller where the stars are more dense). Secondly, for stars of the 9th magnitude, for which the number of stars in Piazzi is too small to justify the use of the same method. The author here remarks, that in the system of observation of Bessel's zones, the contiguous zones overlapped by a known extent, sometimes in declination, sometimes in right ascension. For these overlapping parts we have therefore tracts of the heavens which have been swept twice or oftener, and we are able to ascertain how often the same stars have been picked up in the repeated sweepings. From these numbers we can infer what is the probability that any given star will have been picked up in the zone of observation: this probability is supposed to apply to all the stars which pass the telescope; and thus from the number of stars recorded as observed we deduce the number of stars which have actually passed the telescope. On collecting the numbers obtained by these two methods, it appears that for all magnitudes the stars are most frequent in the neighbourhood of 6h 40m and 9h 40m right ascension, and are least abundant for 1h 30m and 13h 30m of right ascension. This constitutes the first part of the inquiry.

The second part is founded upon the number of stars in Herschel's star-gauges. The process here is simply that of selecting the gauges which correspond to the same zone between 15° south declination and 15° north declination. Upon collecting these, it appears that the parts of greatest and least density for the stars visible only in Herschel's telescopes (or which, when most abundant, constitute the Milky Way) correspond precisely to the parts of greatest and least density for the stars visible to the naked eye and to smaller telescopes, although the proportion of inequality of densities is much greater. And the conclusion seems irrefragable, that the stars which we see with the naked eye are a part of the great stratum of stars which, when we see it edgewise, we distinguish as the Milky Way.

The author then proceeds to investigate, in an algebraical form, the law of the density of stars. Upon remarking the irregularity of the Milky Way, and the irregularities in the grouping of the stars generally, it will readily be seen that such a law can only be approximate, and can only apply to the mean of densities extending over a great number of similar regions. He naturally proceeds on the assumption that the law of density, if there be an approximate law, must refer to the angular distance of the stars from the general plane of the Milky Way (which Sir John Herschel happily denominates the Galactic Declination) as argument. Assuming, then, the pole of the galactic equator to be in 12h 38m right ascension and 31° 30' north declination, and selecting a great number of Sir W. Herschel's gauges at the angular distances, 30°, 45°, 60°, 75°, 90° from this pole, and assuming that these shall be represented by the law

$$A + B \cos 2\phi + C \cos 4\phi$$

$$1 + \beta \cos 2\phi + \gamma \cos 4\phi$$

where ϕ is the galactic declination (a law for the form of which good reasons can be given, it being remarked that any appearance which approaches to that of a straight line edgewise requires for its formula an expression containing $1 + \beta \cos 2\phi + \gamma \cos 4\phi$, &c. in its denominator), the coefficients A, B, C, β, γ , are numerically determined. To this point the theory is merely an algebraical expression of the mean of observed numbers.

The next step is very important. Assuming that the distribution of stars is (roughly speaking) uniform in each plane parallel to the galactic equator, and having the algebraical law for the number of stars visible in Herschel's 20-foot telescope, and assuming also that the stars (generally speaking) are not very unequal in size, and that they can be distinguished as stars in Herschel's telescope to a certain distance and no farther, it is possible, from the algebraical law of the number of stars visible, to infer an algebraical law of the density of stars in space at any distance from the galactic equator which is less than the reach of Herschel's telescope. The law is accordingly found and numerically expressed by M. Struve; and among the remarkable conclusions is this, that the density at the distance from the plane of the galactic equator expressed by the reach of Herschel's telescope is barely 1-300th of that very near to the galactic equator.

A similar process is then gone through for inferring the law of distribution from the number of stars in Weisse's catalogue (corrected, as has been stated), as far as the 7th magnitude and as far as the 8th magnitude. To make the results comparable with the former, it is necessary to have the means of comparing the distance of stars of the 7th and 8th magnitudes with the reach of Herschel's telescopes. This is done by computing the number of stars of the 7th magnitude, of stars to the 8th magnitude, and of Herschel's stars, visible in the central parts of the Milky Way (a counting which requires a peculiar correction, as no great number of stars can be counted without going beyond the limits of the Milky Way); and then, assuming the distribution of stars close to the galactic equator to be sensibly uniform, the distance of the utmost stars of those classes will be proportional to the cube root of the number of stars. Thus it is found that the distance of stars of the 7th magnitude is about 1-16th, of that of stars of the 8th magnitude about 1-10th, of that of Herschel's extreme stars. Introducing these values into the results for density, as depending on linear distance from the galactic equator, obtained from the stars of those classes, they are found to agree well with the results obtained from Herschel's stars.

M. Struve then discusses the relative densities of stars of various magnitudes, as inferred from the number of visible stars. It will be sufficient here to cite, that the most distant stars visible to the naked eye are nearly nine times as far off as an average star of the first magnitude, and that Herschel's most distant stars are at 228 times the same distance. From this last number most important conclusions are drawn in the next section.

That section treats of "the extinction of the light of stars in passing through the celestial spaces." It is well known that Herschel made numerous experiments on the quantity of light reflected from speculum-metal—that he also measured the pupil of the eye (which he estimated at 1-5th of an inch); that from these he inferred the proportion of the light received from his reflecting telescopes to the light received by the naked eye, and that (assuming the intensity of light to diminish as the inverse square of the distance, and that the general size of the stars is uniform) he inferred that the distance of the utmost stars visible in his telescope bore to the distance of the utmost stars visible to the naked eye the proportion expressed by the square root of that proportion of lights; or that the telescope stars were 61 times as distant as the naked-eye stars. A curious correction (based on experiments) is made for this number by M. Struve, on the following grounds. The best eye cannot adapt itself to accurate vision so well as an eye armed with a telescope; and M. Struve, by the use of a telescope admitting no more light than the naked pupil would admit, found that the number of visible stars was nearly doubled. After due correction for this, it was found that the number which Herschel ought to have inferred from his photometric experiments, as expressing the proportion of his utmost telescope stars to an average star of the 1st magnitude, is 664; but the number found above, from countings of the stars, is 228. How are these two numbers to be reconciled? M. Struve considers that there is no other way than by supposing that light is extinguished in its passage, or, in other words, that the law of the diminution of light is not exactly that of the inverse square of the distance; and that thus, in the Milky Way, the telescope has shown only 1-25th part of the stars which it ought to have shown. And he shows that the whole will be explained if we suppose that, in passing through a distance equal to that of an average star of the 1st magnitude, the loss of light is 1 per cent. From this he draws several remarkable conclusions. The reach of the 40-foot telescope is reduced from 2300 to 369. Taking the law of density of the stars (as depending on their distance from the galactic equator), as found in a former section, and combining this law of the extinction of light, he computes the brightness of the sky. He finds that, even in the centre of the Milky Way, supposed infinitely extended, the light of the stars beyond the reach of the 20-foot telescope is only 12 per cent. of the whole, but the light of those invisible to the naked eye is 92 per cent. of the whole; that the whole light in the direction of the galactic pole is only 22 per cent. of that in the middle of the Milky Way. That the ground of white light inseparable into stars by the naked eye, at the galactic pole, has only 1-6th of the brightness of the Milky Way.

Mr. Struve concludes his work with an abstract of results obtained by Mr. Peters for the parallax of various stars. The general conclusion may be epitomized thus—that the parallax of an average star of the 2nd magnitude is 1-10th of a second, and that of a star of the 1st magnitude little more than 1-5th of a second. This result is then combined with others obtained by Argelander and Otto Struve, to obtain measures of the linear motion of the solar system. There are also some incidental discussions of the irregularity of proper motion, attributed by Bessel to *Sirius* and *Procyon*.

We have considered that the classical character, the ingenuity of the mathematical processes (in small details as well as in the more ostensible parts), and the importance of the results of this remarkable treatise, deserved more than usual attention. The general character of the conclusions, we think, can scarcely be doubted, although their application must be subject to great irregularities. We conceive, for instance, that they exclude the possibility of such an annular arrangement of stars as has been depicted in some works intended to explain M. Mädler's views, detailed in the 'Centralsonne.' If we might be permitted to comment on the 'force of criticism, we should remark, that the repeated assertion of the ascertained unfaithfulness of the linear motion of the solar system, is scarcely supported by the expression of Sir W. Herschel, in the only place (we believe) where it is mentioned as probable; but the bearing of this assertion on the results of this treatise is not important.

SHELLEY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES AT ETON.

My attention having been recently drawn to your number of the 4th of March last, in which my early intimacy with the poet Shelley is mentioned, I write a few lines concerning Eton College as it was in the first decade of the present century; in hope that your readers—or, at all events, your correspondent on this subject—may feel an interest in such reminiscences.

At Mr. Hexter's, mentioned by your correspondent, there were only three lower boys (or fags)—Shelley, another boy since deceased, and myself. We consequently messed together, and saw a great deal of each other. Shelley and I used to amuse ourselves in composing plays, and acting them before the other lower boys—who constituted our sole audience. Shelley entered with great vivacity into this amusement; and from the circumstances attending the theatre of our triumvirate, and other facts connected with the development of Shelley's early genius, I incline to think that if the slightest encouragement had been given at Eton to merit in English composition, verse or prose, it is highly probable that Shelley would have devoted himself with ardour to the studies of the place, and the irregularities of his mind would have been chastised by habits of patient study. Walker's

lectures, mentioned by your correspondent, were perhaps an unfortunate occurrence for Shelley; as they supplied him with the means of producing interesting and dazzling results requiring very little application of mind, and as they increased his aversion to the studies of the school. By the way, your correspondent will perhaps recollect that "Old Walker" on the occasion of one of his lectures, at which both Shelley and myself were present, said, "Perhaps in the time of my son, if not in my own, it may come to pass that he or I shall get down from London to lecture here without being drawn by horses, but impelled by steam!"—and that thereupon there was a deafening shout of derision from nearly three hundred boys at this Warner and his Eureka.

After attending Walker's lectures, Shelley became transported with a love of chemical experiments. He did not, however, I believe, study any scientific works upon the subject:—and I think it would have been happy for him if the multitude of boys at a public school had not rendered it almost impracticable for the tutors to watch, and endeavour at least to exercise some controul in directing, the pursuits and dispositions of their pupils. Whilst the characteristic of nine-tenths of Shelley's contemporaries while at school was that of listlessness to excitements derived from intellectual sources, here was a youth carried away by an impetuous enthusiasm for producing and witnessing the phenomena of nature. But no Mentor was near him,—who, not discouraging his mental activity, might at the same time have governed and directed it at a period of life when judgment is rarely dominant, and less so perhaps in proportion to the early vigour of the mind.

I think I hear, as if it were yesterday, Shelley singing, with the buoyant cheerfulness in which he often indulged, as he might be running nimbly up and down stairs, the *Witches' songs* in 'Macbeth.' I fancy I still hearken to his

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

From this period my intimacy with him slackened. Not following his new passion with the same zeal as himself, we now seldom walked or boated together in the hours between school-times. He used to call me—in a tone not altogether unfriendly, but still evincing displeasure approaching to bitterness—by the appellation of *Apurist*; indicating classically thereby one who did not appreciate properly the element of *fire*. I, on the other hand, just at this period, had begun to devote nearly all my play-hours to Latin composition,—being induced thereto by the master who presided over my form, and who is now Archbishop of Canterbury. The then Rev. Mr. Sumner encouraged me by sending me up "fer good" three times:—but he did me, I conceive, more service by pointing out to me my egregious literary faults,—not so much of Latinity as of taste and style. However this may be, I owe it mainly to the Archbishop that I early acquired a love of study,—the most excellent foundation for an independent, successful, and useful life.

Your correspondent may have heard an anecdote relating to the Archbishop when he was an Eton Master. A distinguished living political character, who was his pupil in my time, had acquired the art of imitating his handwriting with the most perfect exactness. This waggish boy, who showed up his exercises to another master, after his tutor (Sumner) had corrected his verses for school used to make several eccentric corrections in the same apparent handwriting as his tutor's. He showed up in school, as was usual, a fair copy; and when the master in school came to express his surprise at the passages that had been so tampered with, the boy was always ready with his foul copy in his pocket to convince the master that the passages in question were in his tutor's handwriting. And this the master, deceived by the excellence of the imitation, was forced to admit,—treasuring, probably, within his own mind some new lights concerning his colleague's vagaries of thought.

I have already exceeded the limits I proposed to myself in this letter. Perhaps, if any interest shall attach to what I have written, I may indite more reminiscences concerning Shelley and his contemporaries; and among them, Matthew, the deceased author of 'The Diary of an Invalid,'—who was

master, or fagger, to Shelley and his co-fagges, myself. But, in conclusion, I may inform my correspondent that I have an excellent neighbour who was at Eton in the time of Shelley, and who repeats an "Eton alphabet" precisely in the tone and manner of the head master reading over an exercise "for good." Each letter of the alphabet introduces a well-known character of the Eton world at the beginning of this century, and each line recounts his peculiarities. *H* stands for *Hester*. This writing-master was also a major in the volunteers,—whence he was often called *Hector*; and his writing pupils were in the habit of saying to him, "Major, will you mend my pen?" *Apropos* of the conventional tone of reading over an exercise "for good," your correspondent will perhaps recollect the circumstance of a boy at Carter's who was overheard by his companions, whilst he was sitting solitarily in his own room, reading over a copy of verses of his own making in the conventional tones of Dr. Goodall, the head master, and then concluding with—"A very good exercise, a very excellent composition; it does you very great credit indeed; you are a very clever boy." "I am, &c. A. A.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Camden Society have taken the lead in a movement to procure a remedy for a great literary grievance. The Record Offices are now all open to literary men. Admission to inspect records for a literary purpose is never denied in any of the public offices—save only in the Prerogative Office in Doctors Commons. There literary men are excluded with a jealousy as illiberal as, fortunately, it is at this day singular. The consequence is that the ancient records in that office—which are some of the most important in existence, for the purposes of history, biography, and genealogy—are completely unused. Their age renders them past use for legal purposes, literary men are repelled by exorbitant fees, and they remain altogether unconsulted and unproductive, yielding no revenue to the office nor benefit to any one. After some preliminary steps which have established the character and extent of the grievance, the President and Council of the Camden Society (Lord Braybrooke, Sir Harry Verney, Sir Henry Ellis, and Mr. Payne Collier) have unanimously agreed to present a respectful memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, praying that the practice of the Prerogative Office may be assimilated to that of other record offices. As an author of eminence in his own department of literature, we feel sure that the Archbishop will be pleased to have an opportunity of remedying a grievance and impediments to historical inquiry so obvious. Be the result of the memorial what it may—and we have no doubt as to what that result will be—the Camden Society deserve the thanks of all literary and historic inquirers for bringing the subject under the notice of the Archbishop,—and for applying to the remedy of an evil which has long been complained of the influence of a body which, be its short-comings what they may, has still done much for the cause of English Historical Literature.

Prof. Ritter and Mr. Milne Edwards have been elected foreign members of the Royal Society.

The commission for examining into the constitution and management of the British Museum continues to drag. We have reason to know that its proceedings are much retarded by the inability of its members to attend. So large a proportion is necessary, according to the terms of appointment, to constitute a quorum, that unless some change be made the present session at least will, we fear, be thrown away.

The Rev. S. R. Maitland has resigned his situation of librarian at Lambeth. It was Mr. Maitland's wish to have retired some time since; but at the particular request of the late Archbishop, he was induced to retain an appointment which His Grace appears to have thought, in common with all literary men, could hardly be held by a more competent person. The very useful catalogue which Mr. Maitland compiled and published of the early printed books in the Lambeth Library was a real service to literature—and as such has been already noticed in this paper. Mr. Maitland has also resigned his appointment of treasurer to the Archaeological Institute,—and Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, has been appointed his successor. The new librarian at Lambeth is as yet, we believe, unnamed.

A paper like ours might seem to have very little to do with politics,—yet on whatever side we turn we are met by the morals that the changes now in progress on the continent present. Material revolutions are not among the matters apparently within our province to record,—yet on every page of our paper, to speak figuratively, the name of revolutionary France turns appropriately and inevitably up. This truth alone might suggest how little what is technically called politics have to do with the great revolutions of the world. A change that of necessity reflects itself in the mirror which we hold to the present and the future must have another phase than the political as that word has been falsely understood. The science will in all probability be greatly enlarged by the teaching of present events:—meantime, we make this remark only to account for the frequency with which, in spite of our standing disclaimer, we get just now upon the ground on which a political revolution is in full and perilous action.

Our readers well know how long and constantly we have exposed in this paper the abuse of the literary *feuilleton* in France. It seemed ever to us the expression of a profound demoralization—and while it grew by what it fed on, it fed the thing from which it grew. Again and again we have denounced it as at once the sign and the cause of a deep and dangerous immorality that threatened the dissolution of the society which it represented and in which it wrought. It is, we hope, doomed to share in the revolution which it probably helped to prepare. The tempest which its vices assisted to raise has for the present swept them away. It is not the least noticeable among the noticeable events daily occurring in Paris, that the *feuilleton*—that receptacle for all the worst frivolities of our Gallic neighbours, that most anarchical of literary upstarts, that vilest of panderers to a debased taste, that most audacious coiner of slang phraseology and reckless propagator of bad grammar—to speak only of its milder faults—has undertaken to castigate and reform itself. It has entered the ranks of the conservators of morality—given in its adhesion to the provisional order of things. Amongst other evidences, our readers who take an interest in the subject may be usefully referred to the *feuilleton* of the *National* of the 1st of April, headed 'Our Literature since the 24th of February,'—to see in what direction the tides of republican literature are—for the moment, at least—setting. As in all probability the political currents will never more flow back into their old channels in France, we may perhaps hope that the moral and literary tides will continue to advance in the direction of reform. But we cannot forget that we heard the same contempt for the past and hope for the future which the *feuilletonist* in the *National* so strongly avows expressed on a somewhat similar occasion eighteen years ago—yet the literature there, and here, censured is the growth of the intervening period. The soil must be rank, indeed, that needs the cleansing of a revolution once in every eighteen or twenty years!

While year after year seems to be more and more confirming the formal separation between those who represent the governmental and those who sway the moral power in this country—between the men of the pen or pencil and the men of place or what is conventionally understood as rank,—the tendency of many years on the continent—and especially in France for the last quarter of a century—has been to bring them together. In the latter country this tendency has now reached its highest expression. Literature sits in all the high places—and rules in all the departments. The fusion is there—for the moment at least—complete. Knowledge in a very practical sense has come there to be Power. The sovereignty is taken from the sword and given to Mind. All incidents illustrating this fusion are memoranda for a most important chapter in the history, some day to be philosophically written, of the present age: and as such we note them down day by day as they arise.—The members of the Provisional Government have assumed professorships in the College of France. Lamartine is nominated Professor of International Law, in place of Lherminier. Garnier Pages, Professor of Statistical and General Economy, of Finance and Commerce.—Armand Marrast, of Civil Law, individual and social.—Ledru-Rollin, of the History of French and Foreign Administrative Institutions.

Our paper of this week contains an advertisement

announcing the Annual Shakspeare Dinner at Stratford-upon-Avon, on Monday the 24th inst. The chair will be taken by Lord Brooke; and a very large attendance is promised from London, including the two last editors of Shakspeare—Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight,—and several members of the London Committee for the purchase and preservation of the poet's house. Great preparations are being made. The vicar allows the registers of the church recording the poet's baptism and death and many other interesting Shakspeare entries to be placed for inspection under a glass case:—the Corporation will exhibit, in the same room, the original documents relating to the occupation of the poet's father, including the memorable document wherein he is said to be described as a "glover":—Mr. Lucy throws open Charlecote House and grounds, and allows the visitor to inspect his fine Elizabethan hall, where it is pleasant to believe (and within the limits of likelihood to suppose) the poet was accused of deer stealing; and from thence to stroll through the beautiful park well stocked with deer (the lineal descendants of the herd which the poet lessened), and so on to the beautiful little church where the Lucys sleep beneath stately monuments of the poet's period. We are glad to announce that return-tickets will be obtained from the railway company extending from Thursday to the following Tuesday, and that many intend availing themselves of the privilege and making a full and complete pilgrimage to the home of Shakspeare. The railway reaches to Leamington,—within, if we remember rightly, eight miles of Stratford.—There will be no jubilee fooleries on this occasion; and the right of admission to the dinner will be, of course, the price of the ticket,—but above all a hearty appreciation of the plays, poems, and even sonnets of the myriad-minded poet.

The *New York Literary World* states that the mere announcement of the books belonging to the late Charles Lamb's library which have so strangely found their way into that city, "was enough. Crowds rushed to compete for their possession; and in a moment they were scattered through the land, to be treasured up as memorials of him whose 'darlings' they once had been."—We have sought in vain to penetrate the mystery which attends this literary exportation. So far as we have been able to ascertain, it was not known amongst the friends and admirers of the deceased essayist in this country that these treasured companions of his life were for disposal; the earliest announcement of the fact to ourselves, and to any others of whom we have inquired, is a casual notice in a Transatlantic paper. Charles Lamb had a very large circle of friends in this country who were likely to have been bidders for books that seemed so much a portion of his own personality, if they were properly in the market:—but as a pecuniary speculation there seems, at any rate, no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of their expatriation.

We are requested by a correspondent to give insertion to the following:—

By way of supplement to your notice of Mr. Leitch's translation of Müller's *Archäologie der Kunst*, your readers ought to be informed, that almost simultaneously with the appearance of that translation of the second edition, there has been published a third edition of the original, greatly enlarged and improved,—edited by a no less distinguished antiquarian than Prof. Welcker of Bonn. This new edition was announced as in preparation more than a year ago,—and perhaps should have been waited for by Mr. Leitch. The fire to which you refer, however, has afforded an opportunity of repairing the omission which should not be lost in case the publishers propose to reprint the book.

The members of St. John's College, Cambridge, have raised a fund amongst themselves for the purpose of honouring the labours of Mr. Adams by some permanent memorial. It is intended, a contemporary says, to institute a triennial prize in connexion with his name, "in testimony of their sense of the honour which he has conferred on his College and the University by having been the first among the mathematicians of Europe to determine from perturbations the unknown place of a disturbing planet exterior to Uranus." The prize is to be awarded to the author of the best essay on some subject of pure Mathematics, Astronomy, or other branch of Natural Philosophy.

The American papers report the death, at Dorchester, in the United States, of the Hon. Henry Wheaton—a diplomatist of great distinction, and

known as a publicist by a variety of works. Mr. Wheaton was a member of many of the most eminent societies of learned men in Europe; and was the author, besides his works on national and international law, of a 'History of the Northern'—written while he was Chargé d'Affaires for his government at Copenhagen. His despatches are said to be among the most valuable and important of his productions. He had recently accepted the chair of Professor of International Law in Harvard University; and was about to enter upon the duties of the appointment when he was attacked by the illness which resulted in his death.

The readers of Silvio Pellico are familiar with the name of Maroncelli, his fellow sufferer in the grasp of a despotism which has just withered from off the land of whose legends their sorrows make henceforth a part. Something of that accumulation of circumstances which has finally broken the foreign sceptre on Italian ground they doubtless contributed by their long anguish of the body and the mind:—the sin in this as in most cases contributing unconsciously and perhaps inappreciably to its own punishment. The narrative of Silvio Pellico found its way everywhere, like the avenging angel, with its testimony against the Austrian government, and awoke a cry of indignation against her treatment of her Italian provinces whose echoes make a portion of the universal voice that swells the sentence against her of to-day. Maroncelli was released from his ten years' imprisonment in 1830; but the influences of his dungeon followed through all his after days. A darker prison than the first awaited his later life—which they who consigned him to the first, however, must answer for, too. Our readers know that he lost a leg in his Austrian dungeon by a tumour, the consequence of his imprisonment. Marrying in Paris on his release, he took final refuge in America—supporting himself while health and reason remained by teaching. But the light, moral and physical, which had been tampered with at Spielberg, went finally out ere life departed—never to return. His eye and his intellect were alike visited by incurable blindness; and he died, after accumulated suffering, in 1846, in the 50th year of his age. He is said to have left numerous manuscripts behind him:—but his widow and child, inheritors of a portion of his sorrows, are left peculiarly destitute. This fact has brought his library, said to be a valuable one, into the American market. Anxious to make it *certainly* productive, a number of his friends have formed a scheme of lottery for its disposal;—and the New York journals are earnest in their appeals to the public for support.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will OPEN their FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION on MONDAY NEXT, the 17th inst., at their GALLERY, St. Paul's Mall. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT-STREET, having been greatly enlarged by the means of a New Theatre, &c. which will contain One Thousand Five Hundred Visitors, RE-OPENS to the Public on the 29th inst. with numerous interesting novelties. Open daily from Eleven till Five; and in the Evenings, including Saturday Evening, from Seven to Half-past Ten.

SOCIETIES

ASTRONOMICAL.—March 10.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N. V.P. in the chair.—T. C. Janson, Esq. was elected a Fellow.

'Flora.' Observations, by Sir T. M. Brisbane and Mr. Brown.—Prof. Chevallier and Mr. R. A. Thompson.—and MM. C. and G. Rümker. Elliptic Elements, by Dr. Brunnow.

'Iris.' By Prof. Chevallier and Mr. R. A. Thompson. Extract of a letter from Mr. Cooper.

'Uranus.' By M. Rümker.

'Neptune.' By Prof. Chevallier and Mr. R. A. Thompson. Satellite of Neptune.

'Mauvais' Comet.' By Prof. Challis.—and Prof. Bond.

'Sweeping Ephemeris for the Expected Comet of 1264 and 1556.' From Mr. Hind's Tables in the Notice for April 1847, p. 264.

'Miss Mitchell's Comet.' Elements.

'Account of the Annular Eclipse of 9th November 1847.' By Major Lysaght, at Hingolee.

'Remarkable Appearances during the Total Eclipse

of the Moon on March 19, 1848.' Extract of a letter from Mr. Forster, Bruges.

'Occultations of Fixed Stars observed by M. Rümker, Hamburg.' 'Occultations observed at Poona,' by W. S. Jacob, Esq.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Maclear, Cape of Good Hope.

'Observations of a Centauri and other Double Stars made at Poona,' by W. S. Jacob, Esq.

'On the Annual Oscillations of the Level and Azimuthal Errors of the Greenwich and Cambridge Transit Instruments,' by Mr. Henry, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

'On the Interior Satellites of Uranus,' by the Rev. W. R. Dawes.

Extract of a Letter from M. Otto von Struve to the Astronomer Royal.

ASIATIC.—April 1.—Prof. H. H. Wilson in the chair.—A paper, from J. Walker, Esq., commenced at the preceding meeting, containing replies to a series of questions proposed by Sir G. Staunton relative to the habits and condition of the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood of Fuh-chow-foo, was read. The population of the city and suburbs amounts to at least half a million, only a very small proportion of which consists of natives of the city. The well-known Commissioner Lin was a native of this city, and was the son of an artificial flower maker. The inhabitants in general are dull and stupid; but serious crimes are rare. Opium is largely consumed by them; and the evil consequences usually resulting are clearly discernible in their appearance. From 75 to 80 per cent. of the adult male population in the city, and about 30 per cent. in the villages, are estimated to indulge in it; nor is the habit confined to the male sex only. The manufactures and productions of the place are unimportant, and unfitted for export. Timber is the staple of the maritime trade. No goods are imported by sea; but all articles of consumption not produced at home are brought overland from Canton and Amoy. English long and broad cloths are in common use; but the cotton fabrics of America are preferred, as being stronger and warmer. At Ningpo, Russian and Prussian cloths nearly supersede all others. The pirates who abound on the coast are very daring, and their depredations cripple the maritime trade. Foreigners are in general disliked; and the British Consulate was at first treated with contempt and disrespect,—but of late a change has taken place in the conduct of the natives towards us which was not anticipated by the most sanguine. The banking-houses are wealthy, and great confidence is reposed in them. Promissory notes are in extensive use. The value of silver varies greatly, and spurious imitations of the current metal abound. The people are in general tranquil under the present Tartar dynasty; but they are not reconciled to it, and the two classes do not intermix. A moral influence governs the people,—for there is no physical power capable of enforcing any laws which might be unpopular. Bribery and corruption extensively prevail in the law courts, and in criminal cases torture is employed to obtain confessions. The land is divided into small holdings, and there are no large proprietors. There are no general laws for the relief of the poor; but when rice is dear, the Government granaries are opened, and the grain is sold at a reduced rate. Money is scarcer and provisions dearer than formerly. Mendicants are numerous and importunate; but very little heed is taken of them, and they are often suffered to lie down and die in the streets. Education is in a very low condition, and a knowledge of reading and writing confined to the merest necessities of ordinary commerce affords the only evidence of instruction. There are four charity schools in the city, but not more than 130 children in them. Religious ideas are vague and latitudinarian, and the people are entirely free from bigotry. There was no Protestant missionary at the port till lately, when one from America arrived. Many of the inhabitants profess to be converts to the Roman Catholic faith; but they are in general ignorant of their new religion, and on the whole constitute a worthless class. There are only two British subjects resident at the port, and these are masters of opium vessels, who have no ostensible occupation in the city. It will not, therefore, be expected that any important effects should

have been produced on the native manners by the influence of our more advanced civilization. There is much sociality among the middle classes; who at certain seasons meet by moonlight, and enjoy themselves with great glee at tables supplied only with tea and tobacco. They are fond of dramatic representations, and fully partake in the periodical amusements and festivals which have been described by most visitants of the Celestial Empire.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—April 7.—Sir J. P. Boileau in the chair.—Several new members were announced.—Among the objects exhibited were a dagger the hilt of which was a fine specimen of Burmese carving; from the fact of the blade having nine spots of gold passing through it, seven of which form the usual Latin cross, the exhibitor, Mr. G. J. French, conjectured it might have been a portion of the blade of a European sword.—Mr. Allies exhibited an urn found in the cutting for the railroad at Droitwich in 1847; it was apparently of Roman fabric, and had been used in early times in the manufacture of salt, from the effects of which it was undergoing rapid decomposition. Mr. Allies also submitted specimens of pottery dredged up from the bed of the Severn between Worcester and Kempey. Mr. Manning laid on the table two drawings of mural paintings recently discovered in Watford Church, Herts, one of which appeared to be a portion of a St. Christopher. Mr. Talbot exhibited a remarkable bronze jug, of mediæval fabric, discovered at Nibbigg, co. Fife; it had been fitted with a lid, now wanting, like a tankard. Drawings of druidical circles recently found in the Isle of Mull, and of a curious monumental slab in the Cathedral of Dunkeld, were contributed, with illustrative remarks, by Mr. Auldjo. Mr. Farrer exhibited a silver bottle the neck of which was formed of a small gourd; this curious object, of the workmanship of the sixteenth century, was intended to be worn at the girdle. Mr. Nightingale sent a painted triptych of the Florentine school of the early part of the fifteenth century. A deed of the time of Edward the Third, enfranchising a villain and his issue, together with the brass matrix of a seal, probably a sheriff's, of early date, were brought by Mr. Faulkner. Mr. J. G. Nichols exhibited a rubbing of an inscription in Dutch, dated 1439, on a stone wall at the old Inquisition at Antwerp.

A discussion took place on the drawings of druidical remains exhibited by Mr. Auldjo,—in which the Chairman, Mr. Disney, Mr. Talbot, and other gentlemen took part. It appeared to be the impression that Stonehenge was originally constructed of dressed stone, and not of rough blocks.

Mr. Turner read a short paper 'On Mediæval Horticulture,'—referring more especially to the varieties of fruit grown in England during the thirteenth century.

The Secretary announced that the volume of the proceedings of the Institute at York was ready for delivery.

HORTICULTURAL.—April 4.—W. W. Salmon, Esq. in the chair.—Col. Vernon Harcourt, the Rev. A. Clive, and J. S. Gregory, Esqs. were elected Fellows.—It was stated that a thermometer in the shade stood in the Society's garden, on April 3rd, at 78°; and that the heat of the soil at two feet from the surface was 49½°, and at one foot 51°. This extraordinary fact accounts for the rapid progress vegetation is now everywhere making, and will, perhaps, continue to make; for though the temperature of the air should fall, it will be some time before the soil loses the heat it has acquired.—Messrs. Veitch sent a magnificent new Vanda, sent from Java by Mr. Lobb, having a spike of large flowers, whose white petals were beautifully spotted all over with brown, the lip being violet. The same nurserymen also sent blooms of a new Fuchsia from Peru, remarkable for the brilliancy of its colours as well as for the size and form of its stigma, which is pure white, looking like a little ivory cross embossed in the dark red violet-tinged petals with which it nicely contrasts. The flowers are about the length of those of serratifolia, the tube and calyx being bright scarlet crimson, and it was stated that they grow horizontally from the axils of the leaves, which are large and deeply veined.—Mr. Glendenning sent a *Cypripedium reflexum*, for which a certificate was awarded. It was

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stated that by a little care it could be made to produce its blossoms in abundance at any period; that in fact it could be made to flower about every alternate month. The plant exhibited was stated to have bloomed three times during the past winter.

LUNEA.—March 7.—Mr. Westwood read a paper containing observations upon *Bolboceras*, a genus of Lamellicorn beetles, closely allied to *Athyrea*.

April 4.—E. Forster, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—T. W. Barlow, Esq. was elected a Fellow.—Mr. Fisher exhibited a specimen of *Gordius marinus* of Montague, from the north coast of Norfolk; Dr. Coggeswell the fruit of the Banana (*Musa sapientum*), in order to illustrate the statement concerning the origin of the superstition with which it is regarded by the natives in Madeira, who dare not cut it with a knife, as it is supposed to exhibit a representation of the crucifixion. Mr. Westwood exhibited the pistils of a Himalayan Grass (probably *Heteropogon contortus*) possessing remarkable hygrometrical properties. Some notes upon the vegetation of Scinde, by Dr. J. E. Stocks, were read,—in which the author points out the strong analogy between the plants of that district of India and Syria.

BOTANICAL.—March 3.—J. Reynolds, Esq., in the chair.—Specimens of some of the plants distributed by the Society in 1848 were exhibited.—Mr. H. Watson exhibited a specimen of *Caltha palustris*, as one of the connecting links between that species and the *C. radicans*, having the leaves just intermediate between those of the two figures in English botany, but still more acutely crenate or dentate even than those of *C. radicans* are represented to be.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 31.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P., Treasurer, in the chair.—Dr. Williams, 'On the Chemistry of the Sea.' Dr. Williams commenced by demonstrating, by means of an apparatus contrived for the purpose, the effects of pressure on fishes at definite depths beneath the surface of the sea. Having shown that a gold fish, when the water in which it was placed was subjected to a pressure of four atmospheres, became paralyzed, Dr. Williams stated the following conclusions as deduced from his own experiments:—1st. That round fishes, having an air-bladder, cannot, without injury, be exposed to a pressure of more than three atmospheres. 2nd. That the use of the air-bladder is not so much to regulate the specific gravity of the animal as to resist the varying force of the fluid column, and thus to protect the viscera and abdominal blood-vessels against excess of pressure. 3rd. (Though in this case the results are less striking) that fish exhibit a limited capacity only for sustaining pressure. From these observations, Dr. Williams inferred that the condition of pressure regulated the distribution of fishes in depth. Referring to the experimental researches of Prof. E. Forbes, he expressed his conviction that pressure would be found the most important element in the problem of submarine organic life. He observed that the lower animals evinced a tolerance of pressure peculiar to each species and determining its zone of depth. The laws of oceanic temperature were next explained. It was experimentally demonstrated that the expansion of seawater is considerably greater than that of pure water under equal increments of heat. It was, however, established by the aerometer that density did not diminish in exact proportion with the increase of volume. It was argued that this experiment went to account for the expansion of crystals by heat, as noticed by Mitscherlich; and that it also proved that in the case of two strata of water of dissimilar temperature overlying each other in the ocean the tendency to intermixture by vertical molecular attraction was greater than would be the case if the sea consisted of distilled water. It was also contended that it was in accordance with the principles developed in this experiment that the warm water occupying the greatest depths in the sea (as discovered by Sir James Ross) rose to the surface and escaped under the form of vapour, which by diffusing warmth through the atmosphere mitigated the rigour of polar cold. Referring to the stratum of water of uniform warmth observed by Sir J. Ross, the lecturer stated that he had ascertained by experiment that water acquires a considerable increase of temperature under great pressure, and that he thought that the temperature

of the deep sea could only be satisfactorily accounted for by the condensation of bulk which the "air of water" underwent. The increase of temperature measured downwards from the stratum of uniform warmth to the sea bottom was noticed as proving that the latent heat of the dissolved air was rendered sensible as the pressure, i. e., the depth, increased. Dr. Williams concluded by referring to the maximum density of water, the laws governing the solution of air in water, and by explaining the influence of those conditions on the existence and distribution of plants and animals in the sea.

April 8.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—'On Shooting Stars and their Connexion with the Solar System,' by Prof. Baden Powell.—Luminous appearances moving through the sky have been commonly known and described under various names, according to their apparent size and nature,—as shooting stars, bolides, fire-balls,—and the fall of matter from the atmosphere in different forms, sometimes connected with luminous meteors, sometimes apparently without such appearances, has been in like manner recorded from ancient times under the names of thunderbolts, meteorites, aerolites, &c. Records of such phenomena have been given by Chladni and others (see *Edin. Phil. Journal*, No. 2). Masses of great size and weight have been alleged to have fallen; some, well authenticated, are of great density and composed almost of pure metal—others less metallic, and earthy; some light and porous, soft or spongy, or even in the state of fine dust, and sometimes like mere dry fog or haze (see Arago 'On Comets,' 1833). Sometimes they have fallen hot or burning (as at the Cape of Good Hope), (Phil. Trans., 1839, i.), and in other instances distinctly proceeding from a luminous meteor: but if falling by day, the light might not be seen—if by night, the falling matter would not be discovered. The matter has been often alleged to be produced by the explosion or bursting of a solid mass—but of this there appears no proof: the detonation sometimes heard is only a sound which may be produced, as thunder, without any solid matter. The pieces which fall are, in many instances, distinct rounded masses, not angular fragments—as in the meteorite at Ancona, May, 1846, and in that at Launton, 1840. From the Cape meteor, 1838, the masses appear partially rounded, but broken in the fall. For luminous meteors, the greater number of which are probably unconnected with any fall of matter, we have the numerous observations collected by Quetelet (who has given the most complete catalogue of older observations in the *Mem. Acad. de Bruxelles*, 1842), Colla di Parma and Coulvier Gravier (*Brit. Assoc.* 1845), Orlebar (*Bombay Obs.* 1845), Lowe (*Atmos. Phen.* 1846), Pettit (*Comptes Rendus*, 1846), and many others. These observations have determined, in many cases, the height, velocity and direction of meteors—which are all very various: the heights from the lowest to 600 miles above the earth—the velocities from 20 to 220 miles per second—the direction often affected by perspective, but in some cases serpentine. The size cannot be accurately determined; but any estimates can only apply to the luminous disc, which is not necessarily that of any solid body. The relation of luminous meteors to electricity has been supported in many instances by the appearance of coruscations and flashes of light: a connexion has, also, been made out, in some cases, with Auroras and thunder (by Quetelet, Cappoci, Wartman, Poisson, &c.). Their height is often far above our atmosphere, but the earth's electricity may probably extend far beyond the atmosphere—and on both points various estimates have been formed. Auroras have appeared far beyond the height of the atmosphere. The occurrence of star showers at certain epochs has been verified by numerous observations, from early records collected by Sir F. Palgrave (*Phil. Trans.* 1840) and M. Chasles (*Comptes Rendus*, March 15, 1841), and, more recently, by Quetelet and C. Gravier, who have collected observations from all parts of the world, especially America, substantiating periodic star showers, returning for a series of years, about Nov. 12 and Aug. 10; the latter the most constant; the former appear of late years less marked. Observations of these may often have failed from their occurring in day-time or in cloudy weather. These discharges have been found to be directed to a fixed point in the heavens, through a considerable portion of the night,—thus showing their

cosmical nature. In some instances, instead of a shower a single large meteor has appeared. Were the minute bodies collected into a large one? On the nature and laws of these appearances there have been various theories. For an able exposition of the chief of them, see Mr. Galloway's paper (*Astron. Soc. Rep.* vol. 5). According to Chladni, innumerable small bodies rotate in the solar system. Messier, in 1777, saw a number of small bodies pass the disc of the sun. Many of these must often encounter the earth, unless, as Mr. Strickland suggests, they are converted into satellites—an idea which has lately been verified by M. Pettit, who conceives he has identified one which performs its revolution in 3^h 20^m (*Comptes Rendus*, Oct. 12, 1846, and Aug. 9, 1847). Sir J. Lubbock suggests the idea that such bodies, whether satellitary or planetary, shine by reflected light and disappear on entering the earth's shadow. (*Phil. Mag.* Feb. and March, 1848). But for the generality of small meteors, and especially for the periodical showers, these views will hardly apply. We can better suppose rings of diffused matter circulating through the planetary spaces, analogous to the zodiacal ring and to the matter of comets,—all which are probably portions of the primitive nebulous matter out of which the solar system was condensed, and which are gradually undergoing condensation. Out of a ring of such matter, probably, the asteroids have been condensed,—and not formed by explosion, as supposed by Lagrange and others; and to such condensations comets probably tend: of which a striking instance has been afforded in Biela's comet,—separating into two, but only that each may condense to a nucleus now clearly ascertained by the observations of Mr. Main (see *Greenwich Observations*, 1846); while the recent speculations of M. Leverrier (*Comptes Rendus*, Dec. 20, 1847), suggest that periodical comets have been fixed in our system by the action of the planets. A continuation of the same analogy leads us to imagine portions of such diffused matter revolving, and either encountering the earth and becoming satellitary to it, and in a high state of electric tension,—and thus, on coming within its electric action, a discharge takes place and matter is consolidated, the metallic portion reduced, and, if within the atmosphere, combustion and fusion may ensue,—and if previously tending directly to the earth, such matter falls as an aerolite, whether solid or in a diffused form—not from breaking up or bursting, but from consolidation; or if beyond the atmosphere or only moving through it, there may be merely an electric flash or detonation, accompanied by sparks or a train. Where a large aggregation of such divided matter thus comes within the sphere of the earth's electricity, an apparent shower of stars takes place, such masses may move in orbits with a period equal to that of the earth to produce annual showers, either about the sun or earth—but must, in any case, be subject to great perturbations from the moon and planets.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. British Architects, 8, P.M.
- Pathological, 7.—Council.
- Statistical, 8.
- Chemical, 8.
- Tues. Linnean, 8.
- Horticultural, 5.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
- Wed. Geological, half-past 8.
- College of Physicians, 4.—Lecture on Materia Medica.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Anything like a demonstration in the historic line is so rare on the walls of this Institution, as especially to draw attention when it occurs. Yet on Mr. Fogg's picture of *Bishop Grosteste*, in his last illness, who foretells the fate of Simon de Mountfort and his favourite Sen, who perished at the same time in the cause of Truth and Justice (410), we will avoid entering into analytic detail,—for the painter's sake,—and for our own. Mr. W. Salter's *Trial of Socrates in the Court of Areopagus*, where St. Paul also was arraigned (142),—a finer theme than which never fell to the lot of painter,—we are also disposed to avoid. With such talents as Mr. Salter really possesses he is most unwise to venture into regions for which his early studies and latest practice have not qualified him. This picture taken together with *Happy Moments*—*Dance of Bacchanals* (70), *Venus and Adonis* (249), and *A Man of Sorrows* and acquainted with

Grief (542) are proof of entire incapacity for the highest walks. Dædalus and Icarus in the fable would not supply this painter with a subject,—but may with a moral.

Of Mr. H. J. Boddington's several pictures, his *Shades of Evening* (81) will be considered the best. It well sustains the spirit of the lines attached to it in the catalogue. The lengthening shade which the sun's rays extend to the mountains that define the distance is very happily expressed. There is an air of greater refinement about the sky, and the foreground and trees are given in a less trite and obvious manner, than has been usual with this painter. *Stoke Pogis—The Scene of Gray's Elegy* (348) conveys an adequate idea of the look of Nature when the "curfew tolls the knell of parting day." In effect these two pictures have a congeniality of feeling and treatment—though the last is the most solemn. *A Ferry on the Thames—Summer Evening* (556) is another of the strongly pronounced and obvious effects with which this artist ably deals. *A Green Lane in Wales* (331), *A Welsh Stream* (346), *The Path to Church* (500), *Going to Pasture* (568), and *The Keeper's Warning* (576), are among the more ordinary manifestations of the painter.

There is but one picture from the hands of Mr. Prentiss—*Love in a Village* (18). Though the record of a common incident—the evening visit of an enamoured swain to the object of his love—the painter has found in it the opportunity for much character. The arch and coy demeanour of the fair one, who with averted eye awaits the approaching and well-known footstep, wants but the graces of better Art-language. Mr. Prentiss's facility at telling such a story has not failed him here: could he but add more of the elegance of execution he would much enhance the interest of his works.

The Mariner's Wife (14), a study by Mr. T. Mogford, has merits of a higher order than the general run of such matters here: as have Mr. Gale's *Study of a Head* (186), and Mr. J. F. Dicksee's *Julian and Fenella, from Peveril of the Peak* (113). In the latter there is improvement in colour, in sobriety of tone and in selection of character.

It is painful to observe the disposition that exists among our artists to comply with some exaggerated or morbid notion which prevails among the vulgar of insensibility towards the lowly on the part of those in more prosperous condition—a tendency originated by the sentimentalities of certain popular writers. This is so far untrue as to make its assertion as a general proposition undignified in Art. The statistics of the endless number of institutions sustained by individual and voluntary contributions in this metropolis do not warrant Mr. J. Holmes's representation of *The Streets of London—a Female Dombey* (87). The subject—in which a sailor having on his arm his sweetheart is in the act of relieving a distressed female, who in vain supplicates alms from a *parvenue* lady promenading in Ludgate Hill—is conceived in as questionable a taste as the pictorial means which express it. The other incidents are equally forced and tasteless. We rejoice that in the present instance time only, not talent, has been wasted on such a theme.

The several contributions of Mr. Alfred Montague have variety—denoting studies at home and abroad. The five Dutch views are, however, to our taste too cold and raw. *Dort—from the Ferry* (No. 176) is the best of them. It shows much local truth, and good action in the water. The little picture *Crossing the Dort River* (317) has excellent effect of light and shade,—but it wants quality and tone. Less of severity in the handling—more especially in the sky—would have been desirable. A similar remark is applicable to another little picture of *Dort* (279). *A Dutch Milk-Boat* (71), though simple as a subject, has a greater balance of warm and cold colour and is as a picture more agreeable than the others. *Rotterdam* (419) has much of the look of nature in the buildings and craft on the left; not improved, however, by the amount of force given to the church seen in the distance—which, while perspectively not true, interferes with the general effect. *Bergen op Zoom* is sketchy: while *A View on the Scheldt—Antwerp in the distance* (427) shows the painter's diligence. *The Farmer's Waggon* (40), *An old Water Mill, North Wales* (282), and *A Study in Windsor Forest* (369) exhibit Mr. Montague in the picturesque of our own shores.

Mr. Latilla once more evinces ambition in the subjects which he selects for the exercise of his powers. Yet neither these nor former efforts of his proclaim a clear aim and direction,—and, therefore, of his style we cannot speak. While he has inspirations from many sources, he contrives not to stamp on any of them the impress of such character as would constitute a style peculiar to himself. He oscillates as much in theme as in treatment. His principal subject, *The Victim of Sin and Death* (197), is little in accordance with the sympathies of our day—an age of too much fact and common sense to take its lessons in morality from allegory. While the choice of subject is thus questionable as to taste, the artistic development of the idea is not delicate enough to convey the moral. The difficulty, it must be owned, was such as would have taxed the highest powers. The expression in detail—the pictorial portions—cannot be said to redeem these deficiencies. *The Guardian Angel* (332), though finer as a subject, is less carried out as a picture. We pass over *First Love* (354), a boy with a monkey—to come to a picture *Trying the Temper of Cupid's Dart* (389), wherein higher powers are displayed. This is the artist's best production here. *The Flight from the Siege* (528) in choice and incident reminds us of the taste of Haydon.

John Wilson, sen. asserts his usual claim in eleven contributions—all marked by that knowledge and skill which have for so long a number of years marked his career. Where age has brought any visible deficiency, it is rather from want of nicety of perception in the optical than in the mental sense. *The Wreck of an Indian on the Coast of Ireland* (26), though he has not in this picture spread his canvas to its accustomed extent, is highly expressive of his power. In 431, *A View on the Sussex Coast*, there are freshness and coolness—not rawness or blackness—and such qualities as only a finely organized eye aided by long experience and study can achieve. His other works have an uniformity both of subject and merit which makes it unnecessary to dwell on them in detail.

Few of our artists dealing with our river scenes, green lanes, or flowery meads impart to them greater charms than does Mr. Tennant. In none of his pictures has he been more effective than in his *English River Scene* (11). It is full of incident and detail;—the team on the bridge that crosses the winding river, the meadow intervening between that and the far out-stretching distance, and the admirably executed sky, excellent both in colour, mass and modelling. With what attention this artist regards nature and with what fidelity he transcribes it, his *Scene on the Wye, Monmouth* (128) again proves. All the particularized intricacies of foreground and of road are made compatible with breadth of general effect; while the contrast of these with the tranquillity of the adjoining river supplies the alternations of detailed and simple masses. *Rocky Glen* (229) is a more wild and savage study; and the *View between Monmouth and Chepstow* (248) has a warm and agreeable effect. *The Scene near Bezzley Heath* (349), though powerful, is artificial. *The Ferry-Boat—Putting back for a Fare* (578), is one of Mr. Tennant's familiar incidents of English life. The way-worn traveller in the foreground who is resting against his steed while the boat puts back to transport him across the stream makes a highly picturesque point. The other incidents—ferry and groups within it, landscape and accessories,—make up the composition excellently; while the tone of the picture is bright and clear. This and No. 11, already mentioned, are two of the best landscapes of their class in this entire collection. There is much merit in Mr. J. Harwood's composition of *Psyche and Cupid* (74) of a kind which evinces attention to the old masters. The name of the artist is new. We have it again in a subject more commonplace—and of a class against which he should be cautioned as already crowding our Exhibitions ad nauseam. Its title is *The Tempting Offer—Peasants of Naples* (168). It is one of those costume tableaux with which every artist journeying south fills his folio—and which from familiarity have lost their impression on the eye. Mr. Harwood can do better things than this. Of Mr. Shayer's manifold pictures *A Bye-Lane, New Forest* (156), is the best. Were he to paint fewer and elaborate more, so as to produce quality and refinement, he would do well.

"*Viva Pio Nono*" (177)—a beggar inscribing on the ruins of Jupiter Tonans—has furnished Mr. E. F. Mason with a costume figure of the South under pretext of a trite and obvious reference to passing events. Art itself, however,—as well as the art of the painter—is destined for more important and universal themes.

Mr. C. D. Smith has shown excellence in his *Scene on the River Thames* (178). Mr. J. Bouvier exhibits no slight resemblance to Mr. Wingfield in his *Dining in the Hay-field* (179). A capital study of the Head of a Bloodhound (182), by Mr. W. Barraud, is remarkable because, while it is like nature, it is not after the approved manner of Landseer. There is much that is effective in Mr. G. A. Williams's *Evening after a Storm* (144). Of Mr. H. Lancaster's sketches here, the best is the *Boat on the Scheldt*, with *Distant View of Antwerp* (204): but it is deficient in brightness and freshness—though having much of his usual excellence of touch in the painting. Mr. Desanges, in his *Sacrifice of Elijah* (196) has produced a multitudinous composition of figures on an extensive scale, which will scarcely meet with sympathy commensurate with the expense of time and means that he has expended on it. The subject is a difficult one to treat in any hands—and would have been more surely realized by an episode than by an attempt at the presentation of the entire incident, involving multiplicity of parts and producing a scenic effect as the consequence. Of Mr. Pidding's pictures *Timidity* (214) must be considered the most legitimate here. Though but a study from the nude, it has feeling and taste. *The Proposed Grand Junction Line* (262) is noticed by us only to point at the questionable disposition to indulge in the artifice of calcebour in title. The game is unworthy of the bait—and degrades Art. Another instance of the same is entitled the "*Coup de Soleil*"—being a Greenwich pensioner, with burning-glass in hand, about to concentrate the rays of the sun to light his pipe. In this picture of a single figure, however, Mr. Pidding shows his talents in the disposition of colour and the production of effect—though, it must be avowed, with obvious and violent contrasts and some violation of fact. Several other of his studies here evince the resources which he possesses over the materials of the palette.

That Mr. Woolmer possesses powers of originality no one who has frequented this Gallery for many years past will refuse to admit: that he does justice to those powers by the course in which he perseveres will not be so readily granted. His vein is obviously poetical; but he lacks the wisdom to strengthen his native resources by such cultivation and study as would make them available for high purposes. In the desire to be imaginative and abstract he often departs so far from reality as to violate nature. Last year, in his "*Burial of Harold*" we had, as now, to regret that to the manifestation of much fancy he should not have added that of such care as can alone lead the former to sound results. In the wish to be independent of all types and free of all restraints, he forgets that not in his own art only, but in all the high walks of poetry, the images employed are properly sought by the poet in nature and in truth; and the art lies in the adoption of just such an amount of detail as gives recognition of the individual objects without destroying breadth and comprehensiveness of design. Mr. Woolmer fails in supplying this due relation to conceptions that have great fancy and feeling—whether the agents which he employs be the human form or the landscape. His ten pictures come all more or less under this censure. Of his best may be named *A Summer Evening* (213). Here there is more resemblance to nature: the landscape and sky are more truly poetical: the scene is noted down with a propriety and the figures detailed with an attention that may prove to the painter the possibility of his judiciously entering into particulars without marring general truth. *The Evening in the Alps* (24), with peasants at the time of the Ave-Maria, exhibits the poetical disposition of the painter as well as his disregard for individual truth. The scene is, nevertheless, touching. The same artist has treated the old subject of "*Paolo and Francesca*" under the title of *Reading Dante* (323). Here, as the human form plays the principal part, his disregard of fact has interfered with the realization of a clever design. The local colour of the flesh—to the complexion even of the

male head. Pilgrim at Doorn (5) catching more conventional care and a painter's tricity or c Among of the Colos reply and Morning Gipsies (4) promise— and patient man's Pec truth. W Mr. J. J. and Mother (281) by R head (301). We overlo Scottish Col art, in refe up of a pi of warm a give where positive, ch Mr. Zei This paral This would be of an painter. making pic sized mod appear to l—his obje all hazard. in the ligh part those f'd Guide picture Ha (278). Th ding (439) near Breem in boat ther with treatment. when passu to regret th week remov healthily an Of Mr. J. is only in F. Cumberland style of the here such c small scale, signified by an exco divided betw away the tip but recentl such transac scenery, in painter. In the notice—either The best w ject of his Mr. John 2 taking the I (132) is an little agreea while her f stem that of her name is FIRE-ART meeting of which took and the ec very remem presume in looking sur entitled. The what he has—and remi

male head—is negligent in the extreme. While *The Pilgrim at the Well* (366) is gay to garishness, *The Duenna* (386) has a Rembrandt-like arrangement, catching much of that master's spirit without his conventionality. *The Bridge of Sighs* (456) wants that care and attention in development without which a painter lays himself open to the danger of eccentricity or conceit.

Among the many little landscapes here, *The Banks of the Colne at Colchester* (42), by A. Vickers, will repay attention. So will *A Gipsy Encampment—Morning* (426), by J. Curnock. This—as well as *Gipsies* (474), by the same—is a picture of much promise—showing an eye well organized for colour and patience for detail without dryness. Mr. Steedman's *Peasant Boys* (394) is Linnell-like in its truth. We may notice, also, *Gipsy Life* (295), by Mr. J. J. Hill; *Welsh Rustics* (173), by the same; and *Mother and Child* (193) and *The Scotch Piper* (381) by R. H. Roe;—also *Langdale Pike, Westmoreland* (301), by Mr. G. L. Boetholme. Neither should we overlook Mr. Alexander Fraser's *Interior of a Scottish Cottage* (584), exhibiting as it does much art, in reference to the general effect, in the making up of a picture—with that sense of the distribution of warm and cold colour which it is so difficult to give where the range is in hues of negative, instead of positive, character.

Mr. Zeitter indulges in a style which has scarcely any parallel within the range of our acquaintance.—This would be matter of praise if his achievements were of an order calculated to raise the school or the painter. They are, however, singular attempts at making pictures by means at variance with all recognised modes of practice. Drawing and expression appear to have no place in their author's philosophy—his object being apparently to produce novelty at all hazard. Yet his works have merit, considered in the light of studies.—His subjects are for the most part those which Hungarian life affords. *The Doubtful Guide* (147) is of these. We have a small picture *Hungarian Peasants returning from a Fair* (278). There is, too, *The Hungarian Tinker's Wedding* (439). Resembling these are *The River Vaser near Bremen* (553) on which peasants are seen crossing in boats; and *A Dutch Ferry Boat* (263)—together with some English subjects corresponding in treatment. In this mass of contributions, there are other passages, either of feeling or of colour, making us regret that their author, having such talent, should seek renown by capricious ways rather than by healthy and patient practice.

Of Mr. J. W. Allen we have but little to say. It is only in *Helcelin; as seen beyond St. John's Vale, Cumberland* (288) that there is any approach to the style of the large picture which last year gained him some credit. The present sustains, though on a small scale, the recollection of the talents which distinguished the former; there is in it similar expression of space and distance.—*Clearing Timber* (355) is an excellent piece; in which the attention is divided between the horses that have come to carry away the timber and the landscape of which that has but recently formed part. His other pictures are much transcripts of green lane, heath, and woodland scenery, in small dimensions, as are usual with this painter.

In the water-colour room there is but little to notice—either in the way of pretension or of success. The best work is Mr. Payne's repetition of the subject of his large picture, *Pallanza*. The cartoon by Mr. John Zephaniah Bell of *Beatrice Cenci* meditating the Murder of her Father the evening before (338) is ambitious in intention. The heroine has little agreement with the portrait in the Barberini—while her face suggests none of the qualities or passions that our knowledge of the deed with which her name is associated would suggest.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The most thinly attended meeting of the Graphic Society was the fifth—which took place on Wednesday evening last; and the contributions were neither numerous nor very remarkable. A large picture, painted we presume in oil, but with a dead, unvarnished-looking surface to resemble fresco, by Mr. Watts, entitled *The Saxon Sentinel*, was no advance on what he has previously done after the same fashion, and reminded us a good deal of a popular illus-

tration of Milton. A volume of Roberts's Spanish sketches attracted a crowd of gazers. Charles Lewis's mezzotint from Edwin Landseer's noted picture of *Shoeing the Horse* was bold and powerful. Two Academy studies by Etty gave the female forms with great style and breadth—but certainly with too much force in the shadows. There were some studies of animals by the octogenarian Academician, Mr. Ward, of much interest. Two pictures by David Teniers were notable for truth and dexterity. Two landscapes by Mr. F. R. Lee, the Academician, though green in general hue, bespoke freshness. A study of a female head, small, in chalks, by Mr. Carpenter, Jun., was distinguished for its truth in drawing. A folio of Calotype studies sustained the favourable impression which the exhibition of these matters at the various meetings this season of the Society has made. A very clever outline composition from the 'Allegro' was on the table—but the name of the author was not attached. Some small studies for statues were brought by their author, Mr. F. Thrupp. The folio of etchings by Edwin Landseer which we announced a few weeks since as on the eve of publication made its appearance, and with effect; but to them we shall refer more particularly hereafter. A landscape by Richard Wilson charmed by its simplicity.

The private view of the Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours takes place this day.

On Friday and Saturday last the pictures of the late Mr. Edward William Lake, 153 in number, were sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson. Vanderelde's 'Salutation,' from Lord Weymouth's collection, brought 40l. 19s.; the 'Combat between Richard and Saladin,' by Louthembourg, 27l. 6s.; and a half-length of a boy with a bird's nest, by Murillo, 31l. 10s.—The pictures of the late Mr. John Newington Hughes of Winchester, a collector of sixty years' standing, were sold yesterday and are selling to-day at the same place. They will deserve a few words of notice at our hands after they shall have stood the test of the auctioneer—with which we are always careful not to interfere.

Like everything else, the Fine Arts in France are destined to wear the marks of the new revolution; and we must, therefore, make it our business at present to record from time to time such detached and individual facts as are the figures with which more general problems may be hereafter worked in relation to its influence on this department. As yet it is too early for speculative generalization. The series is incomplete—and the fractions are not yet reducible to common terms.—A decree of the Minister of the Interior divides the former department of the Fine Arts in that ministry into three distinct directorates:—1st, that of the National Museums.—2ndly, that of the Fine Arts (still so specially named), comprising all that relates to the former administration with the exceptions expressed in the two other divisions.—3rdly, that of literature and the theatres, including the government of publishers and printers, and generally, in the words of the decree, the supervision of "all which concerns the art of thinking and writing."

—The competition for the figure symbolical of the new Republic has been opened to the artists of France. The design is strictly limited to this single figure; and the painted sketches were to be exhibited to the public at the school of the Fine Arts from the 5th to the 8th of the present month. From these the Minister of the Interior is to select three for further competition by their reproduction on a larger scale.—A competition is likewise opened for a sculptured figure of the Republic:—and one for a medal commemorative of the Revolution of 1848 and the establishment of the French Republic.—The clubs are also beginning to put their mark on this department of the mind of France—and to write the new characters on the old monuments. The morals of the time are attaching themselves everywhere. The monument erected to the memory of Louis XVI. is to be consecrated henceforth to that of the martyrs of the 9th Thermidor. The statues of kings are to be removed from the squares, gardens and edifices of France—to be stowed away in the museums that keep the memory of the Past by its visible monuments. Princes are to have in future, by the decree of the clubs, only an archaeological existence; while the great men who have deserved well of republican France are to take their places on all

the ancient pedestals—representing the new ideas on the old sites and with the old symbols. After the first sudden burst of partial destruction, all the old materialities are suffered to remain—nothing is changed but the "spirit of the age." It is the wind that has shifted, and is blowing the old weathercocks to new points. So wags the world!—and thus does the ceaseless whirligig of time bring round its great revenges!

While on the subject of continental Art, we may mention that the King of the Belgians has commanded the restoration of the Palace at Antwerp.

The second anniversary dinner of the members composing the Dealers in the Fine Arts' Provident Institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Thursday last, with Mr. Matthew Wilson, the Member for Clitheroe, in the chair. This Institution, which deserves greater encouragement than it has yet received from the patrons of Art, was established for supplying permanent and temporary assistance to necessitous picture-dealers, print-sellers, coin-dealers, picture-restorers, and dealers in works of Art, who are members of its body. The funds, however, have hitherto been so unequal to the claims submitted to the Committee that it was thought advisable to nurse the means at their disposal, and no gratuity has hitherto been made;—but the Society is now (from the very handsome subscriptions announced the other night) in a position to relieve the wants of its more necessitous members.

The *Builder* apprises us of the intended formation of a society "for the publication of architectural knowledge,"—of which Mr. Wyatt Papworth is mentioned as the chief promoter: and among the works which we are told to expect from it is a Dictionary of Architecture. This is a very suitable undertaking for a literary body; it being one that can scarcely be properly executed but by co-operation,—especially if it is to assume the character of an encyclopedia of the art. At present, there is not a single work of the kind of any repute in the language. Such as we have, being the productions of individuals, are all more or less defective and very unequally executed: some of them, indeed, are little better than the merest compilation. Some have fallen off sadly during their progress—and been hurried on to a conclusion in the most unwarrantable manner. On one material point we are left uninformed, both as regards the contemplated Dictionary and other publications to emanate from the same source—viz., whether they are designed to be of a popular character or chiefly if not exclusively adapted to professional students. In the department of the aesthetics of architecture a great deal remains to be done; and not a few are the prejudices and one-sided opinions that require to be exposed and dissipated. Until, however, we are more fully acquainted with the views and objects of the new Society our welcome can be only conditional.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

GRAND CONCERT.—The Directors have the honour to announce that the **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the **ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA** on **TUESDAY NEXT**, April 18th, 1848.—The Programme will include Rossini's celebrated "STABAT MATER," and the Concert supported by the following eminent artists:—Madame Orini, Madame Farnesi, Madame Ronconi, Mlle. Stellanoni, Mlle. Corbasi, Madame Castellani, and Mlle. Albini; Signor Mario, Signor Salvi, Signor Ronconi, Signor Tamburini, Signor Marini, Signor Rovere, Signor Tadolio, Signor Polonini, Signori Luigi Mel, Corradi-Setti, and Lavia. In addition to the above unrivalled artists, the Directors have much pleasure in stating that they have entered into an engagement with M. Emile Prudent, (the renowned Pianist), who will make his First Appearance in England on this occasion. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Pricing of Admission.—Boxes, 3l. 3s.; Ditto, 2l. 2s.; Ditto, 1l. 11s. 6d.; Orchestral Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Box Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Ditto, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. The Concert will commence at seven o'clock. Tickets, Boxes, Stalls, &c., may be secured on application at the Box-Office, and at the principal Libraries and Booksellers.

WEIPPERT'S SOIRÉES DANSANTES, PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS.—Last Four Nights.—**MONDAY**, April 17, and Three following Mondays, being the Close of the Season and Termination of the present Subscriptions. Single Tickets 7s. each. WeipPERT's Palace Band as usual, conducted by himself. M.C., Mr. Corrie. The Refreshments and Supper by Mr. Payne, of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. Commence at Eleven, conclude at Three. Tickets and Programmes at 31, Soho-square.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The *Third Concert*, held on Monday evening, was as thoroughly enjoyed as though it had been held on any common "working day" and not after a strange sort of holiday causing much excitement. The Symphonies were one by Haydn, D No. 18 (by the way,

who has numbered Haydn's Symphonies?) and Beethoven's in A. The latter went with unusual spirit: the stately *Trio* to the minuet, in particular, with a certainty and grandeur such as have never before been attained in England. Then the 'Derwise Chorus,' from 'The Ruins of Athens,' for the first time duly possessed itself of the audience; being played in the true spirit, with an animation of *tempo* and a nice attention to contrast and *crecendo* which produced the savage and delirious effect intended. It was encored with the utmost applause. The instrumental *solo* was Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in C minor, with Moscheles' cadence, performed by Madame Dulcken. The singers were Mr. Calkin, and Miss Duval who gave Mozart's 'L'Addio' very beautifully. Two novelties were produced, each of sufficient importance to command separate mention.

Meyerbeer's incidental music to 'Struensee' is one of the two works which that parsimonious inventor has put forth since the year 1836, when he rivetted Paris by 'Les Huguenots';—the other being the moderately successful 'Camp de Silesie.' It contains too, we believe, his only Overture composed since that to 'Margarita d'Anjou,' now some twenty years old at the least;—and the length of this prelude and the care bestowed upon it tacitly declare that the author felt its importance as a specimen of his powers in a class of music from which he has scrupulously kept himself a stranger. It may be willingly conceded that a work so difficult to execute might gain on further acquaintance, which implies frequent performance by the orchestra. But of its ideas and construction we can judge, since neither are profound and both are unsatisfactory. One leading phrase, we are told, is a Danish national melody. This is picturesquely treated in the introduction; first with the harp, afterwards with a florid accompaniment—from time to time heard throughout the *allegro*, and lastly brilliantly wrought into the close. But the opening phrase of the *allegro* is like a scrap of stale *Weberism* (we know not how to express our idea less familiarly); while its second subject, however ingeniously instrumented, is a melody from the head, not the heart: and the entire arrangement and working of both is liable to the charge of patchiness which has been even brought against a greater pupil of Meyerbeer's master, the Abbé Vogler—we mean Weber. The peculiarity commented upon must have been remarked by all who have examined Meyerbeer's scores, especially that of 'Les Huguenots': but in Opera, where the change of stage business is perpetual, we have the excuse of appropriateness (an apology, however plausible, which is futile, since Handel and Beethoven have shown us that change of mood implies of necessity neither change of key nor of *tempo*), whereas in the Symphony the ear demands coherence and sequence,—and, if perpetually interrupted in obtaining them, becomes first impatient, then inattentive. Therefore, we do not think that the 'Struensee' Overture can become a concert favourite here, or in any other place where fancy in union with science is demanded from Music.

The other novelty on Monday evening was the Cantata for male voices and brass instruments written by Mendelssohn for the great Cologne meeting of 2500 part-singers in 1846 [*Ath.* Nos. 978, 1014]. We have already spoken of this when we heard it in its native locality; and as such a musical gathering animated by such enthusiasm and under such direction will possibly never again take place in our days, something of sentiment and association naturally blends itself with our judgment of a work in itself peculiar and noble,—and, remembering the time, the scene, and the master, we have small disposition to play the Critic's part. In the Hanover Square Rooms the proportions of the composition were of necessity so entirely changed that the effect was lost. The voices, in place of being mellowed, were drowned by the instrumental accompaniments. On the whole, this Concert was one of the most interesting we ever attended.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The best performance given by this Society that we have attended was that of 'Elijah' on Wednesday last. The music has not hitherto gone so well in London; the chorus being tolerably at ease in the music, and, it appears to us, thinned of some among the waverers,—the orchestra, also, being stronger and under more con-

trol than formerly. Better days are in store for the Society if this improvement prove to be steady and progressive. Mr. Phillips executed his arduous part with particular care and feeling. The ladies were Miss Birch, Miss M. Williams, Miss Stewart, and Miss Duval,—who gave (at last) its true effect to the Queen's *solo* with *chorus* in the second act by her animated and articulate delivery. The hall was crowded; and the oratorio was enjoyed with that increased appreciation which can only come with familiarity to a general audience as distinguished from the critical few. It may be added that 'God save the Queen'—which seems just now as much in request in London as 'La Marseillaise' on the other side of the water—was sung with uproarious applause.

We learn from a circular that the subscriptions for the monument to Dr. Mendelssohn started by the Sacred Harmonic Society now reach 370l. The present is hardly the moment when any further large additions may be expected,—or, indeed, should be desired; since if many amateurs devote their guineas to encourage living artists in these times of storm, when Art is so sorely buffeted to and fro instead of paying respect by the same means to the deceased, it must be taken as no neglect, but rather as only a following of what his own example would have been had he lived to see this strange April.

CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—The second meeting of the *Musical Union* was held on Tuesday:—at which a quartett by Mozart, and another by Beethoven were given,—and Mr. W. S. Bennett and Signor Piatti joined in Mendelssohn's second duett for their instruments. The *corale*, with its fanciful accompaniment for the violoncello, half rhapsody half recitative, never before went so well; Signor Piatti's playing exactly ministering what is required for the movement—breadth of style, and expression clear of affectation. Mr. W. S. Bennett also performed a few of the *Lieder*. In some respects as a pianist he approaches their composer: but—possibly from the intention of great ease—he is apt to appear careless. This, whether the musical exhibition was a dance-tune played for children or an organ-fugue on the occasion of some high solemnity, Mendelssohn never was; being as clear of the least slovenliness as of that over-conceit which some mistake for correct execution.—Another English pianist, Mr. Holmes, gave a *matinée* on Wednesday morning; at which he performed the first movement of a double concerto by Sebastian Bach, with a pupil (?)—another double sonata by Bergt (which, being numbered a *first* work, promises to us a composer)—a duett by Field—an arrangement of Beethoven's 'Adelaide'—and a *capriccio* by himself. In the majority of these performances, elegance and finish were aimed at, and thoroughly attained: with a certain tendency towards the final which belongs to a past school—and of which Mr. John Cramer (though we run the risk of being burnt as heretics for saying so) was by no means free. Whereas the immediate successors of spinet and harpsichord would have been easily 'jangled out of tune' by any masculine usage—the Pianoforte nowadays courts a large and noble style of playing; and we have Thalberg to show us how this may be consistent with the utmost grace—and have had Mendelssohn to exhibit solidity and vivacity in union. On Wednesday evening Mr. Brandt gave a *soirée*; and Mr. Lucas one of his quartett meetings, at which one of Spohr's duetts was to be performed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—'Don Giovanni' was given the evening before last to a crowded audience, with an *ensemble* which we found wonderful when informed that Madame Castellan sang at a moment's notice for Madame Grisi, who was disabled by illness—too late to allow of rehearsal for her substitute. The new *Donna Anna*, it was added, never performed the part but once before—some years ago. If this be correct, the Lady's execution of her arduous task was more than ordinarily creditable to her memory and musical skill. Signor Polonini, too, sang for Signor Tagliacico, the *Masetto* of the bill. Signor Mario made his first appearance in his best voice; also Mlle. Corbani, as *Donna Elvira*;—very clever but (without play on the words) a little sharp at times. Signor Tamburini is, we think, in better voice this year than he was a twelvemonth ago.

Signor Rovere is more at ease as *Leporello*; and that means more vulgar than we can accredit.

OLYMPIC.—On Friday week was revived Mr. Spicer's play of 'Honesty,'—with many advantages of scenery, costume, and appointments. The performers, too, showed careful study, and for once did their best to carry the drama safely through. On the whole, it may even be said to have been well acted. It is true that Mr. Stuart as *Douglas Trafant* was sometimes extravagant; but the character is within the range of his abilities—and was fairly enough interpreted. There are in it some difficulties to mount,—which the actor got over with skill. We allude to the plan of construction, by which the situations precede the explanation of the motives in which they originate,—leaving the performer to suggest the probable clue. This is one of the common faults of the Beaumont-and-Fletcher style, and tends to make so many of their pieces until we come to the closing scene mere riddles. It is to be hoped that Mr. Spicer will outgrow this affectation in his future productions,—an affectation which but for the general poetic spirit of his scenes would have gone far to destroy their effect.—Such poetic spirit is very beautifully embodied in the character of *Francis Gage*, the poor man's advocate,—a part which fell on the present occasion to the lot of Mr. Hall. That gentleman looked the part, and but for a too stilted delivery might have acted it with much propriety. The striking scene, with which this act opens, in the chamber of the poor advocate, with his sick brother *Cyril* (Miss Susan Kenneth), when they are intruded on by the usurer *Deverell* (Mr. C. Perkins) for his rent,—insulted and assaulted until released by *Pembroke* (Mr. H. Lee) as agent for the suspected *Juliana* (Miss Durfett)—told, as we had expected it would, with great effect. It is perhaps the most original situation in the modern drama,—finely conceived and finely executed. Miss Durfett exhibited considerable power in the heroine; and Miss May as *Inferice* was, though feeble, intelligent. The more poetical passages were greatly applauded;—and the revival promises to be successful.

The play was followed by a new farce, entitled, 'Lost! a Sovereign; or, Never Travel during a Revolution.' In this Mr. Conquest enacts the part of a *Sir Louis King, Knt.*, a lawyer of the Palace Court, who being mistaken during the public commotion for Louis-Philippe, is sorely maltreated by the populace. Of a piece like this, where the fun is both 'fast and furious,' no criticism is possible. In eulogy is the immoderate laughter which it excites.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Those must 'soar too high or sink too low' for any human citizenship or company who at the time present keep clear of Politics. They break out especially in Music: and no wonder, since that Art contains a spontaneous and sympathetic medium of appeal to feeling, sentiment and enthusiasm. We, therefore, make no apology for continuing here, as we do in other parts of our paper, our 'gleanings' on the subject from foreign sources. At Paris, M. Ledru Rollin has found time to superintend the planting of the Tree of Liberty in the court of the *Opéra* and to pronounce an oration on the occasion:—"with fervour," says the newspaper reporter, "and as much enthusiasm as if he had been himself an artist. He enumerated the *Opéra's* titles of glory—recalled the noble effects produced by its singers and its *chefs-d'œuvre*—mentioned 'La Muette,' 'Guillaume Tell,' 'Robert,' 'La Juive,' 'Les Huguenots'—and announced the coming of 'Le Prophète,' &c., which would, he said, restore the fortunes of the theatre in bringing France and Europe to Paris." It is noticeable that among the six works appealed to in a speech meant to be inspiringly national only a pair are the product of French composers. The first gratuitous performance at the *ci-devant Académie* consisted of the four first acts of 'La Muette,' a scene from the ballet of 'Griseldis,' and 'La Marseillaise,'—arranged in a dramatic form by Gossec, as it was executed in the year 1792. Ere we leave the *Opéra* we should mention that the artists and workmen of that theatre have offered each a day's salary to the Provisional treasury. Two other Trees of Liberty planted in the Place de la Bourse were also inaugurated with musical honours worth a record.

—M. Vivier, the somewhat eccentric *corniste*, who chances to live in the neighbourhood, having unexpectedly broken out on the occasion into a vigorous and beautiful fit of patriotic trumpeting, to the immense delight of an excitable Parisian crowd.

We learn from *La Gazette Musicale* that the Provisional Minister for Public Instruction and Worship recently proclaimed a "concours" for national songs to be executed on state occasions. To this poets and musicians were invited to compete;—the sole prizes being "medals of bronze." The compositions are to be sent in before the 20th of this month. This may furnish occupation for leisure: but to the artists it is somewhat dreary compensation for their "season" destroyed by political excitement. The best-beloved entertainers impoverished and anxious. The *Conservatoire* has shortened its usual series of concerts;—at the *Seventh*, the *Cantata* by Mendelssohn performed here on Monday last was executed, besides an overture by M. Deldevez, and a selection from Beethoven's music to 'King Stephen,' including the delicious chorus of female voices—which was *encored*.

We were not aware when, last week, we mentioned the Republican *cantata* sung by M. Roger at the recent theatrical performances given "by desire" of the government in Paris, that France owed its composition to no Frenchman, but to "a Spanish Lady"—Madame Viardot-Garcia.—Waiting with some curiosity the result of M. Halévy's canvas for a membership of the National Assembly, we cannot but record how music appears to have "won the cause" in another district just liberalized. "List," says *La Gazette Musicale*, "was at Berlin at the period of the Revolution. He is to be called into Hungary, his native country, and nominated Vice-President of one of the legislative chambers." Be this tale true or not, its very existence is a proof "precious and positive" that the Artist is no longer at a discount as a rational being. We have as much disposition to avoid confusion of public services as to avoid class-prejudices. Thus, we believe that a good Pianist must be as much thrown away on a police-bench as a good Police-Magistrate would be lost if set down at a pianoforte and bidden (as the old song says) "to drum." But "a very sharp corner" out of a long, narrow and not a very clean "lane" is turned when the value of intellect, judgment and (let us emphatically add) moral uprightness is recognized among a class whom it was too long the World's fashion virtually to reward and appreciate as a tribe of buffoons.—We observe that in the midst of the storms which are shaking Frankfurt and the other Rhine towns the *Lieder* Kreis and other vocal societies of the first city have been giving a serenade to MM. Jordan and Uhlend, —the latter (we presume) the Swabian Poet.

M. Lafont has appeared at our *French Plays* with Madame Paul Ernest, a Lady to whom we may on some future day do our courtesies. Here, too, it must suffice us to mention that the *real* Mrs. Butler's third Shakespearean Reading was held the day before yesterday. The drama was 'As you like it' in which, strange to say, *Jacques* and *Touchstone* were brought more vividly out than the *Orlando* or the *Rosalind*,—though "lively touches" of the Lady's "favour" were not wanting. We cannot but think that Mrs. Butler's readings indicate the possession of powers peculiar and individual which hitherto have hardly found due scope on the stage or in the plays that she has "affected."

Mlle. Lind is here, we are told. Mr. Lumley's *opera*, therefore, now wants only Madame Tadolini and Signor Labocetta to make it complete.

An attempt is yet, we are informed, to be ventured toward attracting more public attention to the Marylebone theatre, under the spirited management of Mrs. Warner; to which end, Mr. Macready will make his appearance there in the week after Easter. Mrs. Warner has been less successful than she deserves; and we shall be glad if Mr. Macready shall be the means of procuring a tardy recognition of her claims. The same actor is, we understand, to perform one night at the Haymarket in aid of the fund for erecting a statue to Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Kerschner has undertaken the management of the Surrey Theatre for the Easter campaign. Sadler's Wells and the Olympic both closed on Thursday for the season. Mr. George Bennett, we understand, leaves the former

for the latter,—which will re-open on Easter Monday. Mr. Planché is preparing a new burlesque for the Lyceum.—The theatrical reports from the provinces are anything but cheerful; the agitation of the times and the depression of trade telling with peculiar severity on the country houses.

MISCELLANEA

New Galvanic Apparatus.—The Rev. Dr. Callam, Professor of Physical Science in Maynooth College, has invented a new kind of galvanic battery, in which the pile consists of alternate plates of zinc and cast iron. In ordinary batteries, the use of platinum plates is a source of great expense—the ordinary price of platinum being about 32s. per ounce. In those in which copper is substituted for platinum, the great number of pairs of plates required renders a powerful battery equally expensive. A Wollaston battery, to be as efficient as the one that has just been completed at the College of Maynooth, would require 10,000 pairs of copper and zinc plates, and thus it is estimated that the entire battery could not be constructed for less than 2,000l. A Grove battery as powerful as the Maynooth one would require an expenditure of 800l. for platinum alone independent of other cost, while the Maynooth battery has cost in the present instance only 40l. A series of experiments were tried, from which it appears that this battery is three times as powerful as any other now in existence. A full-grown turkey was killed in half a second on being touched by the wires; discs of iron, thick pieces of copper, and pieces of the hardest tempered steel were ignited with the greatest ease.—*Herald*.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—Your correspondent Mr. Edgar E. Beach, in his letter dated April 4th, which appears in your number for the 9th inst., has fallen into an error in supposing that you had my authority for stating that the second part of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* appeared in 1688. If Mr. Beach will have the kindness to refer to my introduction, p. xxiv. and xxv., he will find both there and on the *fac-simile* title to the second part that it first appeared in 1694—and another edition in 1697. I have also the 6th, 1698, and the 7th in 1696. If any of your readers could oblige me with information relative to the 2nd, 3rd, 4th or 5th editions of the second part I should be much gratified—or with a sight of the 5th, 6th, 11th or 12th editions of the first part. Your readers may be surprised to hear that I have already obtained more than fifty different early editions with the black letter heading, printed on what was called tobacco paper,—and including many of those published during the author's life.—I am, &c., GEORGE OFFOR.

Hackney, April 10.

A New White Paint is said to have been discovered by a Mr. Forrest; who intimates that it is based neither on lead, zinc, nor iron, but that it is nevertheless based on a metal. Probably antimony or bismuth bid fair for the honour to which neither zinc nor iron may aspire. A really good substitute for lead would certainly in many cases be a valuable desideratum.—*Builder*.

Communism of Literature and Music.—The professions of letters and music have rarely attained any distinguished excellence in the same individual; and it may be observed that even a mediocre state of such a duality in unity is not of common occurrence, though some of our most eminent professors of learning are wont to take part in the humorous and convivial at becoming seasons. It appears, however, that our preparatory literary and scientific institutions are endeavouring publicly to establish the propriety of combining learning and amusement in these republican times, with more than ordinary vigour. So powerfully has the fraternization of Clio and Euterpe excited the emotions of aspiring savans, that a spirit of rivalry has arisen which bids fair to promote their union with marvellous effect. On looking down a column of to-day's *Times* devoted to advertisements of places of amusement, I observe two of our most eminent literary and scientific institutions among the list of candidates for public applause:—One announces the *début* of a celebrated vocalist on his return from America; the other advertises the performance of a vocal monologue entitled 'The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle,' after which a popular comic song. How far such an agreeable state of things may serve to promote the advancement of literature and science, I leave others to determine; but 'A Night with Burns and Herschel' would seem rather an anomaly. However the reading of a dull paper on Logarithms or on the morphology of plants—to say nothing of "specific centres," might be enlivened by the introduction of a symphony from Beethoven or Mozart, I doubt if the President of the Royal Society would like to be called upon for a comic song.

Lead in Australia.—A Melbourne contemporary states that a gentleman has discovered a valuable ore of lead in the mountain limestone, which extends from Macquarie Harbour to the territory of the Van Diemen's Land Company.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. A.—T. G. S.—The Author—F. L.—T. F.—W. J.—C. B.—R. T.—received.

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